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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

HISTORY OF BRAZIL.

By Robert Southey. Part the third.
London, 1819. 4to. pp. 950.

This valuable and laborious work is at length completed; and by the time our sheet meets the public eye, it will have before it the whole of a history, as curious in its detail, as agreeable in its manner, and as interesting with regard to its past facts, and the consequences now flowing from them, as any with which we are acquainted. Brazil, for centuries the spacious arena on which private adventurers toiled and fought, that they might possess its rivers of gold and districts of diamonds, after becoming the greatest appendage to a European throne, has, by a wonderful series of events, seen that throne transferred to its own shores, and one of the oldest and most famous kingdoms of Europe become, as it were, a colony to its own prodigious offspring.

With peculiar means and advantages for the task, Mr. Southey undertook to be the historian of this country; and we must say, has most ably fulfilled his duty. With perfect truth may he conclude—"if the value of an historical work be in proportion to the store of facts which it has first embodied, to the fidelity with which they are recorded, and to the addition which thereby is made to the stores of general knowledge, then may I affirm of the present history, imperfect as it is, that in these respects it has not often been equalled, and will not easily be surpassed."

Mr. Southey is one of the few men of genius who are blessed with the happy union of industry and talent. Here we see the captivating poet performing a part of heavy literary drudgery. Nothing but the most patient research, indefatigable zeal, and a disposition so suspiciously blended as to convert a toil into a pleasure, could have supported him through this important performance. But it is unnecessary for us to repeat encomiums, which the two preceding parts drew from every impartial critic. To a good arrangement is added the merit of a simple and easy style, very
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rarely blurred by passages of negligence, to detract from its claim to perfect purity and refinement. What renders the history of Brazil, too, even more than intrinsically attractive at this period, is its close connection with the history of the adjoining Spanish provinces; so that this book may be perused with gratification and instruction by all those (and who does not come under the description?) who feel an interest in the arduous and extraordinary struggle at present carrying on in these extensive regions.

Before taking up the volume just issuing from the press, we may remind our readers, that the First Part or volume was published so far back as 1810. It commenced with the accidental discovery of Santa Cruz, which name was soon superseded by that of Brazil, from the vast quantity of that wood imported from the country, by Vicente Yañez Pinzon, in 1499-1500. Pinzon was one of those who, about seven years before, sailed with Columbus on his first voyage; and in this, where he himself commanded, he was the first Spaniard who ever crossed the line, and lost sight of the northern star. The narrative is continued to the year 1639, through all the treaties and contests with the natives; the introduction of the Jesuits, which produced so great a change; the attempts of the Dutch and English, and the multitude of mixed and various wars which ensued.

The Second volume, occupied with nearly similar matter, and descriptions of new tribes of Indians, as they were gradually discovered, was published in 1817, and brings down the general history to within a little more than a century of the present time. The Third and last volume comprehends that busy and eventful century.

As the work is altogether of great magnitude, we are compelled, at setting out, to limit ourselves to some particular portion of it; and in the present instance, supposing that the last chapter, containing the latest view of Brazil, would be most acceptable to our readers, we have made our selections from that.

No nation has ever accomplished such great things, in proportion to its means, as

the Portuguese. Inconsiderable in size as Portugal is, being one of the smallest of the European kingdoms, and far from being fully peopled, it has possessed itself, by fair occupancy, of the finest portion of the New World; and whatever changes may take place, Brazil will always be the inheritance of a Portuguese people. Brazil extends in length through thirty-four degrees of latitude; and its breadth in the widest part, is equal to its length. When the seat of Government was removed thither from Lisbon, the manners and conditions of its inhabitants differed widely, according to the latitude and altitude of the different provinces, and other local circumstances: but the people were everywhere Portuguese, in language and in feeling; and there existed no provincial animosities. The general progress, which had been made during the preceding century, was very great, in spite of many counteracting causes.

The author then goes into the particular divisions of the country, from which we select the most characteristic traits.

The waters of the Tefé are clear, and amber-coloured. Ega is placed upon its eastern bank, where it forms a beautiful bay about six miles wide, two leagues above its junction with the Orellana. In the dry season this bay has a fine margin of white sand; and when the rivers are swollen it is then bordered with Aracarana, a shrub bearing a white flower with yellow stamens of the most delightful fragrance. The Indians here, who are of fifteen * different tribes, cultivate mandioc, pulse, rice, maize, and fruits and esculent plants of many kinds; they collect honey, sarsaparilla, cacao, and the cinnamon and cloves of the country, which they exchange for iron tools, and woolen cloth: the women spin, weave, and make hammocks. These Indians practise a peculiar kind of debauchery with the leaves of a shrub called Ipadu, parched and pulverized. They stuff their mouths with this powder, so as to distend the cheeks; swallow it gradually, and as it is swallowed put in more, so as always to keep the mouth full. They say that it takes away both the necessity and the desire for sleep, and keeps them in a delightful state of indolent tranquillity, which, according to Ribeiro, is the greatest enjoyment of the Americans who live between the tropics.

Among the settlers of the Orellana were the chief remains of the Solimoens, once so numerous, according to one derivation, as to have

* Janumas, Tamuanas, Sorimoens, Jananas, Yuiias, Coronas, Achouaris, Jumas, Mapaus, Coreúas, Xunús, Pasús, Juris, Uayupis, and Coerunús. Ribeiro.

given name to the river, from the mouth of the Madeira upwards. Here also were some Cataunixis, a people remarkable for having white spots upon various parts of the body, which they are not born with, but which appear as they are growing up till they are past twenty years of age, and which seem to be infectious. The disease is not spoken of as painful, or any way injurious, and some of the tribe are free from it.

The Muras possess some part of the river coast, which appears at this day to the navigators in as wild a state as it did to Orellana and his companions, covered with magnificent forests into which the axe has never entered. There are many other tribes, in the interior, but none so powerful: among them the Culinos are remarkable for round faces and large eyes; the Mayurunas for forming a circle on the top of the head, and letting the hair grow to its full length, bristling their lips and noses with long thorns, wearing macaw feathers at the corners of the mouth like mustachios, and killing such of their people as are dangerously ill, that they may not become too meagre before they die; but the Portuguese may probably wrong them in supposing this to be motive, which may more likely proceed from some savage notion of superstition, or even of humanity, than from the desire of making a better repeat upon the body of the dead.

Of all the tribes in the settlements upon the Rio Negro and the Japura, the Xomanas and the Passés were the most esteemed, for their willing industry. The former were the gentler people, and had a better character for veracity. It was their custom to burn the bones of the dead, and mingle the ashes in their drink; for they fancied, that by this means they received into their own bodies the spirits of their deceased friends. The Passés were the most numerous tribe upon the Japura, and enjoyed the highest reputation. They were remarkable for believing that the sun is stationary, and that the earth moves; and they imagined that our sphere is surrounded by a transparent arch, beyond which the Gods have their habitation in a luminous region, the light whereof reaches through the vault, and forms the stars. Rivers they called the great blood-vessels of the earth, and smaller streams its veins. They were remarkable also for holding tournaments, according to their fashion of war, in which the conqueror had the privilege of choosing a wife from among all the virgins of the horde.

Some of the Rio Negro tribes have an

† Marauhas, Catuquinas, Urubus, Canaxis, Ucarauhas, Gemias, Toquedas, Maturus, Chibaras, Bugés, Apinaris, Panos, Chimanos, Tapaxanas, Uraycus, Pucupurus: these last call their Chief by the title of Marauhanha. Most of these tribes use the bow and arrow, the spear, and the sarbacan, or blowing-tube; and they poison their weapons. *Catal.*

Ribeiro says, that the Uerequenas, who dwell upon the Igana (a considerable river which falls into the Rio Negro from the right), used names that are supposed to be Jewish; and, indeed, there could be little doubt of their origin, if it were certain that they are actually pro-

extraordinary and tremendous ceremony, for which a large house is set apart in all their villages. It begins by a general flogging, the men in pairs scourging and lacerating one another with a thong, and a stone at the end: this continues eight days, during which the old women, who, among the American savages, officiate at most works of abomination, roast the fruit of the Parica tree, and reduce it to a fine powder. The parties who had been paired in the previous discipline are partners also in the following part, each in turn blowing this powder with great force through a hollow cane into the nostrils of his friend. They then commence drinking; and the effect of the drink and the deleterious powder is such, that most of them lose their senses for a time, and many lose their lives. The whole ceremony continues sixteen days: it is observed annually, and is called, the feast of the Parica.

They usually set their watch in a large and lofty tree, called the Sumaumeira, which Ribeiro says, may be compared to the Baobab of Senegal. It sends out its branches horizontally to a prodigious distance. The wood is not durable, but the fruit contains a sort of cotton and down, which, in warmth and elasticity, exceeds any vegetable substance that has yet been discovered. They cut down the tree to collect it! and many trees are necessary for getting two or three arrobas. The fruit is shaped like a small oblong melon, and the cotton envelopes the seeds. The manguba produces a cotton similar in its properties, but of a dark colour; that of the sumaumeira is white. Amid the tufted foliage of these trees the Mura centinels were stationed to watch the river: their ambuscades were usually placed near those points of land where the current was strongest, and boats had most difficulty in passing: there they were ready with grappling hooks, and with a shower of arrows, which oftentimes proved fatal before resistance could be offered.

Speaking of recent improvements, the author says,

Badly however as the laws were still administered, there had been an evident amendment of late years; they were still too often broken with impunity, but they could no longer be openly and impudently defied. There were a set of ruffians, calling themselves *Valentons*, or *Bravos*, who used to frequent fairs and festivals for the pleasure of taking up quarrels, and intimidating all other persons. They would take their station at a cross road, and compel all passengers to dismount, take off their hats, and lead their horses till they were out of sight, or fight, as the alternative. A struggle against one of these desperadoes, armed with

nounced as he writes them: . . . Joab, Jacob, Yacobi, Thomé, Thomeque, David, Joannan, and Marianan. They are cannibals, and use the *quipas*, like the old Peruvians. If Menasseh Ben Israel had known this, how largely would he have built upon it in his *Esperanzas de Israel*, . . . one of the most groundless treatises that ever was composed in the spirit of credulity.

sword and knife, was more perilous than the roughest encounter of a knight, with spear and shield. They trained dogs of extraordinary size to be as savage as themselves, and yet in such obedience that they would drink rum at command; and they wore green beads around their necks, which were believed by the credulous to have the virtue of rendering them invulnerable. So many of these knight-errants of vulgar life came to their deserved end, that toward the close of the last century the race became extinct. A custom prevailed in Parailba, to the great annoyance and danger of peaceable people, which the police long since had put down in the Peninsula, lax as it is both in Portugal and Spain. Men went about the town at night, wrapt in large cloaks, and with crape over their faces, and in that disguise committed any excesses to which they were excited by the cruelty or the wantonness of their temper. The late Governor apprehended all who were found in this dress: some of the principal inhabitants appeared among them; but this detection sufficed to prevent any repetition of the offence. The same Governor arrested a most ferocious ruffian of half-blood, who kept the whole country in terror; carried off innocent women from the houses of their parents; and, without scruple, murdered those who attempted to oppose him. This villain presumed upon his connections, because he was the bastard of a great man in the Captaincy; and indeed the influence, upon which he depended, was such, that the Governor was obliged to forego the intention of putting him to death. Justice however was not wholly evaded: he was ordered to be flogged; and when he maintained that he was not liable to this ignominious punishment, being half a Fidalgo, the Governor admitted the plea so far, that he directed him to be flogged on half his body only, and left him to determine which was the Fidalgo side: after this he was transported to Angola.

(To be continued.)

St. Bartholomew's Eve, a Tale of the Sixteenth Century. In 2 cantos. Oxford, 1818, pp. 48.

This little episode, resting for its substratum on one of the most horrible events recorded in the history of mankind, is, we have been informed, the production of an under-graduate at Oxford; and though, amid the multitude of poems which have pressed upon our attention since the date of its publication, it has, for a season, experienced the oblivious fate of many others, we still considered it so meritorious an effort as to deserve the encouragement of public commendation. We do not mean to give an opinion that it is a composition of the highest order, but it is equally removed from mediocrity; and we have seen few commencements (we do not speak in the college sense)

more free from palpable blemishes, and instances of slavish imitation. Unquestionably the writer possesses a fine talent, which he may cultivate till it overmasters enterprizes of much greater pith and moment. But in the interim, we are pleased with a very interesting and simply told story. It will further appear from our extracts, that the style is occasionally antithetical, and the rhymes not exempt from some of the vices of our modern practice. Were we to quote more, it might perhaps be discovered that the muse's flight is not always at the same height; or, in other words, that she sometimes dips a little.

Florence, the daughter of the late Count Albert, bequeathed to the guardianship of Clement, a monk of high influence, obtains some foreknowledge of the massacre about to be perpetrated. She seeks the bigot's confessional, and, instead of the customary enumeration of errors (in which, he it said, she never could have been very candid or sincere, as the main incident of her life is concealed), exclaims, in frantic tones: "To-night...to-night!" The monk is perplexed that the secret should be in a woman's keeping, yet violently rejects her prayer to avert the catastrophe. She then begs hard that One might be spared—Julian, the son of Montauban; but he is unhappily one of the leaders of the Huguenots; and the lovely suitor is not only debarred from every hope, but menaced with a terrible vengeance if she reveals what has become known to her. She retires in agony, and Clement, to make assurance doubly sure, resolves on the immediate sacrifice of Julian. Bertrand, one of the fiercest and most ruthless of the Leaguers, undertakes this murder; while Florence seeks to ward off the impending calamity, by sending for her beloved: her messenger returns with tidings that he had been suddenly called to the field, without a moment to bid her farewell, and the first canto closes.

Swift went the bearer of the maid's desires, And now fear chills, now hope her bosom fires;

In vain he speeds, in vain attempts to earn His lady's favour by his quick return; His swiftest course is slowness to her eye, He seems to loiter when he hopes to fly. Once more his foot resounds—she hears his tread

With beating heart, and cheek of livelier red; She starts!—no Julian's eye, with passion bright,

In silence eloquent, transports her sight. Fear chains her tongue—the cause she dreads to hear

When these glad words surprise her anxious ear:—

"Few hours have past since Julian rais'd his shield,

"And pois'd his lance, and hurried to the field;

"A sudden mandate came, which ill could spare

"Time for adieus, or any softer care.

"Exploits of valour now his thoughts employ,

"He glows with chivalry and martial joy,

"Clasps thy white scarf across his ardent breast,

"And wears thy colour in his towering crest!"

From this canto we copy the portrait of the heroine:—

High in the midst before yon taper'd shrine The crosier'd priest displays the mystic sign; With reverend awe adoring myriads see, Bow the meek head, and drop the humbled knee.

Amid that group, with heart full fraught with woe, Where some for worship bow'd, and some for show,

Fair Florence kneel'd; Oh! little might he guess Who view'd that sylph-like form of loveliness, Who mark'd that blue eye fix'd as tho' in prayer,

That thought of earth had dimm'd the lustre there!

For such she was, as fancy loves to paint Some cloister'd vot'ress, or sequester'd saint, Gazing on night's pale queen, with raptur'd eye, And thoughts that mount toward their native sky.

No purer form th' enamour'd artist chose When Grecian Venus from his chisel rose; No purer form, in angel robes of light, Seems to descend to suffering martyr's sight, With Heart's own joys, to chase his pains away

And greet his entrance to the realms of day.

The impious priest's curse is also worthy of extract—

"Hence! if to mortal man thou dar'st reveal

"The deed my words have warn'd thee to conceal,

"No more expect in earthly ills to share

"The fostering grace of Heaven's paternal care;

"For, as the saint on Malta's rugged strand

"Shook the loath'd reptile from his slier'd hand,

"The church forsakes thee, casts thee off with shame,

"And lasting infamy attends thy name.

"Sever'd from all by virtuous spirits priz'd,

"Barr'd from all rites, unpitied, and despis'd,

"Long may'st thou live to wait in fear thy doom,

"No hope on earth, no prospect in the tomb!"

In the concluding canto, Clement overhears Florence's remorseful prayers for the devoted victims, and furiously

denounces her impiety, condemning her, as a punishment, to a cell for life. "to dwell a solitary *Vestal*." But an awkward circumstance (which we alluded to before as having been forgotten in her confessions) now comes out in arrest of judgment, *videlicet*, that she was privately married to Julian!

"Hold! all good powers will shield my husband's life;

"Yes! start not, tyrant! Florence is—his wife!"

"Our fates are join'd, and let not priestly pride

"Annul the bonds which God hath ratified!

"My plighted vow is register'd on high,

"With him to prosper, or with him to die!"

Here was then an end of the heathenish vestalizing scheme, which, by the way, is rather out of character in a Catholic priest; and as he seems to have had no miracle ready on the nonce, the furious apostle retired disconcerted. Julian however, seduced back to the scene of slaughter by false representations, comes to pay a midnight visit.

Whose voice is that, so low, the breezes hear

Through the still midnight of the startled air? Whose form is that the taper's rays illumine,

So dimly shadow'd from encircling gloom? The glitt'ring morion and the sheathed blade,

Signs of the warrior, gleam amid the shalle.— He mounts—and now, as if by custom taught,

The winding corridor his steps have sought— And Florence knows—see! see! the quick-

drawn breath.

The cold cheek sick'ning with the hues of death—

The starting eye—the feeble tott'ring frame— The faint wild shriek with which she sounds

his name—

"Julian!"—"My wife, my dearest, then again

"I see thee, love! and have not pray'd in vain!

"Oh! kind, blest mandate!"

She undeceives him, shows that the mandate was a forgery, and points out his dreadful peril. They resolve to fly together: we quote the catastrophe entire.

And the storm comes—what awful sound of fear

Peals its deep thunders on the startled ear! —The hour—the fated hour—yon echoing

bell

In notes discordant strikes a people's knell! The die is cast—no hope of mercy now

Th' assembl'd murderers eager swords allow; No chance hath flight—and what can force

avail?

Shall one the banded multitudes assail?

Soon as she heard the dreadful signal made Her onward step the breathless Florence

stayed— No feature mov'd—fix'd grew that ampler

e.e,

As if it strain'd to gaze on vacancy—
No fluttering tremor told her heart oppress—
No half-heavy sigh relief'd her suffering
breast—

Pale, cold, and tearless, stood the conscious
fair,

The powerless, nerveless, statue of despair!

But hark! the volleys, thund'ring from afar,
And nearer horrors of a midnight war;
The clash of arms, th' uplifted threat'ning
hand;

The victim shrinking from the murderer's
braud;—

The lurid waving of the torch's glow
Denotes the acting of that scene of woe.—

"Florence," the youth exclaim'd, "for thee
I fear,

"Oh my vain folly which has led thee here!"

He said, when issuing from the tangled
shade

The sudden glare a murder's hand bewray'd.
But who their leader? o'er whose locks of
white

The varying torches cast a deeper light—
'Tis he—'tis Clement—dripping now with
gore,

'Mid their bright blades the cross profan'd
he bore—

Ill-minded man!—too well thy wiles succeed,
Thy toils are laid—the helpless prey must
bleed—

Feast with thy victim's blood thy longing eyes,
And glut thee with the murder's sacrifice!

Fir'd at the sight, upon his ready blade
Th' impetuous youth his hand in vengeance
laid;

Deign'd not to wait until the nearer foe
In clos'd attack anticipate his blow—

But with one glance towards her he lov'd in
vain,

Sprung like the lion on the hunter train.

—Now sword meets sword with equal fury
driven,

The target is broke—the crested helm is
riv'n—

The willing dagger leaves its idle sheath—
The whizzing carbine wings the bolt of death.

But though alone against a host, the might
Of Julian's arm maintains th' unequal fight.

Now prone on earth his first opponent lies,
In death a second seals his swimming eyes;

The right prevails—and now the ruffian band
Shun the rous'd fury of his vengeful hand;

No more to trust the chance of fight presume,
But seek the friendly covert of the gloom—
Heedless what course they took, the victor's
eye

Turn'd towards his Florence' form instinctively—

He saw her not—perchance the flitting light
Mock'd the imperfect wand'ring of his sight;

"Florence!" he call'd—perchance the clamour
round,

With louder din his whisper'd accents
drown'd.

There, where a ball had pierc'd her, Florence
lay

On earth's chill lap—her soul had pass'd
away!—

O'er her pale cheek the moonbeam sought
to dwell;

From her cold temple trickling life-drops fell;

A lily, blighted by the tempest's power,
She lay, a drooping melancholy flow'r.

But where is Julian?—groan, nor tear, nor
sigh,

Told the full pressure of his agony—
That fix'd, but mute despair—that more than
grief—

That burden'd heart, too full to seek relief,
Denied him utterance.—Lo! once more
around

The rallying murder'ers press the nearer
ground,

And Clement leads them—more than mortal
ire

Lit in that glance the warrior's eye of fire,
For one last blow he pois'd his thirsty sword,

In one last effort all his fury pour'd—
The steel descends; the miscreant shrinks in
vain,

His heaving limbs bestrew the gory plain—
One phrensed look of rage and hate he cast,

His lips essay'd to speak—and all was past.

In closer combat round their sinking foe,
With ceaseless rage the thick'ning bandits
glow;

Hemm'd in by numbers, vain the practis'd
might,

Which oft had turn'd the current of the
fight—

Each ready poignard drinks the victim's gore,
The crimson torrent streams from ev'ry pore;

His blade drops useless from his palsied
hand,

He reels—he falls extended on the sand—
Toward his dead Florence turns his wand'ring
eyes,

Half rears his feeble hand to heaven—and
dies!

This is really so affectingly told, that
we regret to note, by way of admonition,
though only two or three of the
errors that have struck us.

The crowds disperse—but still that fair one
kneelt,

As tho' she still on things celestial dwelt.
Alike unheeded by her vacant eye

The incense failed; the pageant flitted by;
Still as some form of monumental stone,

She saw not, mark'd not, there she knelt
alone.

The repetition of the word "still," in
the first couplet, is inelegant; and its
use in a different sense in the last, ag-
gravates the offence. "Fame" and
"oriflamme," (p. 23) is not an allowable
rhyme; and the passage describing
Florence's resolution to invite her hus-
band to see her, that she might apprise
him of his danger, is not strictly intel-
ligible.

Thus while the powers of prayer her tears
control

To send for Julian struck her calmer soul—
She knew not why—or how she might pre-
vent

The sad conclusion, if for him she sent;
It was a wild and desperate hope, which
though

It promis'd nothing cheer'd her depth of
woe—

Perhaps she wish'd to take one last farewell,
One last sad parting ere that fire-bolt fell—

Perhaps she hop'd her arms might guard his
breast,

Or she, at least, might sink with him to rest.

Now, though she might not know
how to prevent the evil, she certainly
knew why it occurred to her to send for
Julian; and the first part of the third
line seems absurd. But the beauties we
have quoted must more than compen-
sate such trivial errors, tenfold multi-
plied.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

*Dissertation on Water Snakes, Sea Snakes,
and Sea Serpents, by C. S. Rafinesque,
Esquire.*

Whenever a singular phenomenon, or an
extraordinary natural occurrence, happens
to be observed in the United States, whether
spots in the sun, huge fossil bones, or ser-
pents, a crowd of superficial writers hasten
to offer us, instead of facts, their own ideas
and conjectures on the subject, which prove,
sometimes, more or less ingenious; but often
wild, incorrect, or ridiculous. They are ge-
nerally so much taken up by their own fan-
cy, that they forget entirely to consult for-
mer writers of eminence on the same sub-
jects, should they even happen to know of
their existence. What idea are we to en-
ertain of their attempts to explain those
subjects, without availing themselves of the
valuable writings of Herschell or La Place,
Cuvier or Pinkerton, &c.? In whose works
they had been previously and often comple-
tely illustrated. Let us listen to a group of
children attempting to reason and argue on
the rising of the sun, an eclipse of the moon,
on the economy of bees, or on the struc-
ture of a whale, without asking any previous
questions to [of] their parents, and we shall
find a great similarity between their thoughts
and those of many of our speculative writers.
They often contribute to render contemptible
the subject of their inquiries, at least towards
the vulgar, while it would otherwise become
deeply interesting; and should their crude
speculations ever reach Europe, they will
certainly afford very unfavourable specimens
of our knowledge and attainments in science.
These reflections have naturally suggested
themselves to my mind on the present oc-
casion.

The ancients gave the name of Water
Snakes and Sea Snakes to many fishes of the
eel tribe, which bear an apparent likeness
with [to] land snakes, although they differ
materially on examination, by having fins
and gills, and neither lungs nor scales.

Many land snakes are in the habit of going
into the water, in pursuit of their food, or to
escape their enemies, and they have been
called Water Snakes when found in that
element.

Real Water and Sea Snakes had been no-
ticed at a very early period by navigators,
in the Atlantic Ocean, and the Indian Seas;

but as they had not been destroyed, eminent naturalists had doubted their existence, believing that eels, or similar fishes, had been mistaken for snakes.

Russel was perhaps the first writer who established their existence beyond a doubt, by describing and figuring many of them, in his splendid work on the Snakes of the Coast of Coromandel. Schneider established for them his genus *Hydras*, which wrong name has been with much propriety changed into *Hydrophis*. They have since been described in all the works on enpetology, by Shaw, Latreille, Daudin, &c.; and those last writers have divided them into four genera, *Enhydria*, *Platurus*, *Pelamis*, and *Hydrophis*; which form a peculiar tribe or natural family in the order of Snakes, to which I have given the name of *Platuria* (Platurians, Flat-tails or Water Snakes). They are completely distinguished from the land snakes, by having a compressed tail, which serves them as an oar or rudder, enabling them to swim with great swiftness; and from the fishes of the eel tribe, by having neither gills nor fins. They breathe through lungs, at remote periods, whence they generally live near the surface of the water, like the animals of the whale tribe. They prey on fishes and sea animals, and some of them have venomous fangs. Many are known to come on land, like turtles, to deposit their eggs.

About fourteen species of Water Snakes have been described by the above authors; ten more are noticed in the travels of Peron to Australia or New Holland, one of which was ten feet long; and lately several monstrous species have been seen near our shores. Many others appear to have been perceived by former travellers; and very probably a great variety are known to sailors. The knowledge of these animals is merely emerging into notice, and yet may be greatly improved. I shall not pretend to assert that they are as numerous as land snakes; but it is very likely that one hundred species at least, of this tribe, exist in the waters of the ocean, lakes, and rivers. Intelligent travellers, seamen, and fishermen, will gradually make us acquainted with them: meantime, I shall endeavour to give a concise account of those we know, which may facilitate their future observations; and I shall arrange my labour in a synoptical order, concluding by some remarks on the Sea Serpents, which are merely Sea Snakes of a very large size.

FAMILY PLATURIA.—VI Genus. *Ophinetes*. Raf. Differing from *Pelamis* by having a compressed body and a carinated or angular abdomen. I arrange in this new genus all the Sea Snakes mentioned in Peron's Travels: they were all found on the western and southern shores of Australia, or New Holland; such as may have fangs ought to belong to the genus *Natrix*, and those with cylindrical bodies to the genus *Pelamis*.

1. *Sp. Ophinetes cinereus*, Raf. Cinerous Ophinetes. Entirely gray or ash colour.

2. *Sp. Ophinetes viridis*, Raf. Green Ophinetes. Entirely green.

3. *Sp. Ophinetes luteus*, Raf. Yellow Ophinetes. Entirely yellow.

4. *Sp. Ophinetes ceruleus*, Raf. Blu-

ish Ophinetes. Entirely of a bluish colour.

5. *Sp. Ophinetes versicolor*, Raf. Versicolor Ophinetes. Varied with many transverse cones, blue, white, red, green, and black. Many species are probably meant here.

6. *Sp. Ophinetes maculatus*, Raf. Spotted Ophinetes. Covered with many irregular large spots. Many species.

7. *Sp. Ophinetes punctatus*, Raf. Dotted Ophinetes. Covered with numberless small dots. Many species.

8. *Sp. Ophinetes erythrocephalus*, Raf. Red-headed Ophinetes. Head of a beautiful red; body * * * *.

9. *Sp. Ophinetes dorsalis*, Raf. Backed Ophinetes. Dark green with large spots of yellow and light green on the back; length three or four feet; near Dewitt's Land.

10. *Sp. Ophinetes major*, Raf. Large Ophinetes. Green spotted with red and brown. Length from eight to ten feet; also from the shores of Dewitt's Island.

This last species appears to be the largest real Sea Snake which has fallen under the personal observation of naturalists as yet. But larger species still have been noticed at different periods. If I had the time and opportunity of perusing all the accounts of travellers and historians, I could probably bring many into notice; but this tedious labour must be postponed, and I must warn those that may be inclined to inquire into the subject, not to be deceived by the imperfect and exaggerated accounts of ancient or unknown writers. Whenever they neither mention the scales nor tail of their Sea Serpents, or when they assert they had no scales, or had gills or fins, you must in all those instances be certain that they are real fishes rather than serpents. There might, however, be found some Sea Snakes without scales, since there are such land snakes; and there are fishes with scales and yet without fins: but there are no fishes without gills, and no snakes or serpents with gills;—in that important character the classical distinction consists.

Nearly all the writers which [whom] I can remember, have been unacquainted with that obvious distinction; and they have, in imitation of the ancient Greek and Roman writers, given the name of Sea Snakes to the large eels or fishes they happened to observe. This I apprehend is the case with Pontopidan, in his Natural History of Norway; with Mongitore, in his Remarkable Objects of Sicily; with Leguat, in his Travels to Rodriguez Island, &c. Their observations, and the facts they record, are notwithstanding equally valuable, since they relate to monstrous unknown fishes, which seldom fall under the observation of men. The individuals of huge species are not numerous in nature, either on land or in water; and it is probable they often become extinct for want of food or reproduction.

Among the four different animals which have lately been observed by Americans, and named Sea Serpents, only one (the Massachusetts Serpent), appears to be such: another is evidently a fish, and two are doubtful. I shall offer a few remarks on each.

1. *The Massachusetts Sea Serpent*. From the various and contradictory accounts given of this monster by witnesses, the following description may be collected.—It is about 100 feet long; the body is round and nearly two feet in diameter, of a dark brown, and covered with large scales in transverse rows; its head is scaly, brown mixed with white, of the size of a horse's and nearly the shape of a dog's; the mouth is large, with teeth like a shark; its tail is compressed, obtuse, and shaped like an oar. This animal came in August last into the bay of Massachusetts, in pursuit of shoals of fishes, herrings, squids, &c. on which it feeds. Its motions are very quick: it was seen by a great many; but all attempts to catch it have failed, although 5000 dollars have been offered for its spoils. It is evidently a real Sea Snake, belonging probably to the genus *Pelamis*, and I propose to call it *Pelamis megophias*, which means great Sea Snake *Pelamis*. It might however be a peculiar genus, which the long equal scales seem to indicate, and which a closer examination might have decided: in that case the name of *Megophias monstruosus* might have been appropriated to it.

2. *Capt. Brown's Sea Serpent*. This fish was observed by Capt. Brown in a voyage from America to St. Petersburg, in July, 1818, near 60° N. latitude and 8° W. longitude, or north of Ireland. In swimming, the head, neck, and fore part of the body stood upright like a mast: it was surrounded by porpoises and fishes. It was smooth, without scales, and had eight gills under the neck; which decidedly evinces that it is not a snake, but a new genus of fish! belonging to the eighth order *Tremapneus*, 28th family *Ophictia*, and 3d sub-family *Catrema*, along with the genera *Sphingobranchius* and *Symbranchus* of Bloch, which differ by having only one or two round gills under the neck. I shall call this new genus *Oetipus* (meaning eight gills beneath); head depressed, mouth transverse, large, eight transverse gills under the neck. And its specific name and definition will be *Oetipus bicolor*. Dark brown above, muddy white beneath, head obtuse. Capt. Brown adds, that the head was two feet long, the mouth fifteen inches, and the eyes over the jaws similar to the horse's: the whole length might be 58 feet.

3. *The Scarlet Sea Serpent*. This was observed in the Atlantic Ocean, by the captain and crew of an American vessel from New York, while reposing and coiled up, near the surface of the water, in the summer of 1816. It is very likely that it was a fish, and perhaps might belong to the same genus with the foregoing; I shall refer it thereto, with doubt, and name it *Oetipus coccineus*. Entirely of a bright crimson: head acute. Nothing further descriptive was added in the gazettes where the account was given, except that its length was supposed to be about 40 feet.

4. *Lake Erie Serpent*. It appears that our large lakes have huge serpents or fishes, as well as the sea. On the 3d of July, 1817, one was seen in lake Erie, three miles from land, by the crew of a schooner, which was

35 or 40 feet long, and one foot in diameter; its color was a dark mahogany, nearly black. This account is very imperfect and does not even notice if it had scales; therefore it must remain doubtful whether it was a snake or a fish. I am inclined to believe it was a fish, until otherwise convinced: it might be a gigantic species of eel, or a species of the above genus, *Octopus*. Until seen again, and better described, it may be recorded under the name of *Anguilla gigas*, or Gigantic Eel.

ADDITIONS.

1. The *Pelamis megaphias*, or Great Sea Snake, appears to have left the shores of Massachusetts, and to have baffled the attempts to catch it, probably because those attempts were conducted with very little judgment. But a smaller snake, or fish, nine feet long, and a strange shark, have been taken, of which the papers give no description: let us hope that they will be described by the naturalists of Boston.

2. It appears that another large species of Water Snake is noticed by D. Felix Azara, in his *Travels in South America* (Paris, 1809, 4 vols. 8vo.), under the name of *Curiyu*, which may belong to the genus *Pelamis*, although this worthy traveller has omitted to describe its tail and scales. It may be called and characterized as follows: *Pelamis curia*. (*Curiyu*, Azara, *Trav.* vol. 1, p. 226.) Spotted and variegated, of black and yellowish white. It measures over 10 feet, and is of the size of the leg: it lives in the lakes and rivers of Paraguay, north of the 31st degree of latitude. It goes sometimes on land (and among shrubs), but moves heavily: it has a dreadful aspect, but does not bite; it lives on fishes, young otters, apereas, and copibaras.

3. The Water Snake of Lake Erie has been seen again, and described to be of a copper colour, with bright eyes, and 60 feet long. It is added, that at a short distance balls had no effect on him: but it is omitted to mention whether it was owing to having hard scales (in which case it might be a real snake of the genus *Enhydria* or *Pelamis*), or to the inexterity of the marksman.

4. Mr. W. Lee has brought to notice another Sea Snake, seen by him many years ago, near Cape Breton and Newfoundland, which was over 200 feet long, with the back of a dark green: it stood on the water in flexuous hillocks, and went through it with impetuous noise. This appears to be the largest, on record, and might well be called *Pelamis monstroquus*; but if there are other species of equal size, it must be called then *Pelamis chloronolis*, or Green-back *Pelamis*.

5. Dr. Samuel Mitchill has exhibited to the Lyceum of Natural History, at the sitting of the 15th September, the specimen of a species of Sea Snake from his museum, sent him some years ago from Guadalupe, by Mr. Ricord de Mariana, which appears to be another species belonging to the genus *Enhydria*, to which the name of *Enhydria annularis* may be given: we shall add its definition and description.

Enhydria annularis. Ringed *Enhydria*. Whitish, ringed with black, rings broader on the back, which is cinereous and rather angular in the middle; tail broad, short, ob-

tuse, with 70 pairs of scales underneath; more than 200 pairs of abdominal scales. This animal is about 18 inches long, covered with smooth and roundish scales above: the head is depressed, obtuse, small, covered with similar scales, and nearly black; the lips are white; a white half ring sets on the napé of the neck, and extends on each side over the eyes; a black line connects the eyes with the nostrils; an oblong white band lays [lies] below the head, longitudinally; the nostrils are round; the mouth is small, and with a few small teeth; the body is cylindrical, but the back is slightly carinated towards its centre, and of an ash colour; the black rings are narrow underneath. The tail is only two inches long, very compressed; the extremity is broader, obtuse, tipped with white, and has a slight lateral angle on each side, or a protruding lateral nerve; a similar appearance is perceptible on the upper and lower edges, which appear to be thickened; the whole tail is covered with large scales of a transverse and broad shape. This snake is found in the West Indies, in the sea, particularly on the shores of the island of Guadalupe.

6. A fabulous account of a great Water Snake, that, according to the Indian tradition, dwelt in ancient times in a lake near Philadelphia, may be seen in Dr. Barton's *Medical and Physical Journal*, vol. 2, p. 168. As another Indian tradition, relating to the mammoth, the megalona, &c. it may be partly founded on truth.

7. The great Sea Snake has been seen again towards the middle of September, in the bay of Massachusetts, and three yellow collars observed on his neck, which has led some to believe it might be another individual and species; but this circumstance might have been overlooked before. It is not stated whether it had streaks of a lighter hue on the body, as the first was represented to have by some witnesses. It is therefore likely that the two characters of "streaks of a lighter hue on the body, and three yellow collars on the neck," may be added to its description. The collars are described as about two inches broad, and one foot apart.

8. Dr. Mitchell informs me that General Hawkins has written a memoir on the Sea Serpents of Massachusetts, which he has sent, with a drawing, to Sir Joseph Banks; it is a paper of some length, and much interest, as it relates facts, and all the circumstances attending the appearance and natural history of those huge animals, taken upon oaths of eye witnesses. He attempts to prove, with much probability, that several individuals have been seen, and two at least, if not three species; one with three collars, another without any, and a smaller one.

The Cambro-Briton. No. I and II, for September and October.

This is a new periodical work, dedicated to the literature, arts, and antiquities of Wales. We confess with some humility, that our acquaintance with these subjects is far from being so intimate as it ought to be, considering the interesting figure which that

country makes in the ancient history of Britain. Nor do we know how to account for this, except that a prejudice imbibed from certain apparently ridiculous pretensions to antiquity, and pertinacious assertion of the truth of minute facts, during periods of remote darkness, has repelled us from the study of what was really curious and important in the annals of a very extraordinary people. The writer who has abilities to remove prejudices of this kind, and lead us, without shocking probability too much, into the investigation of Cambro-British remains, and the contemplation of Cambro-British existence, will not only deserve well of his compatriots, but of every lover of learning throughout the world.

Wales is rich in antique monuments: her wildest traditions are connected with the earliest poetry and romances of Europe, if they must sometimes be excluded from the claim to authority as matters of historical research. And whether fable or authentic record, we are at least sure, that they are exceedingly entertaining, and well calculated to throw a light upon subjects of refined speculation to all who think it worth while to inquire into the manners of other ages, the progress of civilization, and the various phases of their species.

Upon glancing over these performances, we are inclined to hope that they will supply a desideratum in our island's literature. If well conducted, and supported, as they ought to be, by contributions from gentlemen, especially natives of Wales, conversant with the legends, antiquities, &c. of that country, they will soon assert a rank in periodical literature, equal to the usefulness, and, we may add, patriotism of their design. We say patriotism; for though we are determinedly hostile to all those national prejudices which aim at exalting one people by calumniating another, we concede that there are few passions more commendable than that amor patriæ which seeks to find honourable traits, delightful associations, and dignifying memorials, connected with our native land. This is the broad foundation for the most endearing social affections, and the best virtues of our nature; and miserable is the soil where pseudo philosophy asserts its new-fangled principles, in opposition to these antiquated sentiments.

We can hardly select any adequate sample from the *Cambro-Briton*: it treats of the celebrated Triads, of Taliesin the famous bard, of Welsh music, of the Eistedfodd, and other subjects peculiar to Wales. We subjoin two very brief extracts from the second number.

"THE WISDOM OF CATWG.
"The Seven Questions proposed by Catwg the Wise to Seven Wise Men" in his

"The persons here called 'wise men,' were not merely scholars, but associates; most of whom had taken refuge in Catwg's College after the loss of their territory in the wars consequent on the incursions of the Saxons. A brief account of Catwg, who lived in the sixth century, was given in the *Life of Taliesin*, in the first Number. His Aphorisms occupy about 100 pages in the *Welsh Archaeology*, and will be occasionally

College at Llanfeithin, with their answer.

"1. What constitutes supreme goodness in a man? Equity; Answered by TALHAIRN THE BARD.

"2. What shews transcendent wisdom in a man? To refrain from injuring another when he has the ability: by ST. TEILO.

"3. What is the most headstrong vice in a man? Incontinence: by ARAWN, SON OF CYNFARCH.

"4. Who is the poorest man? He who has no resolution to take of his own: by TALIESIN, CHIEF OF BARDS.

"5. Who is the richest man? He who coveteth nothing belonging to another: by GILDAES OF THE GOLDEN GROVE.

"6. What is the fairest quality in a man? Sincerity: by CYNAN, SON OF CLYDNO EIDDIN.

"7. What is the greatest folly in a man? The wish to injure another without having the power to effect it: by YSTIFFAN THE BARD OF TEILO."

"TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENILLON?."

8.

"How fair in form, in sound how sweet
The harp I late was slighting;
It seems a vocal grove, so meet
The charms 'tis thus uniting:
And soon the very birds will greet
Its boughs, with song delighting.

9.

"O'er the seas hath flown my heart,
O'er the seas my sighs depart;
And o'er the seas must she be sought,
Who lives yet always in my thought.

10.

"Welcome spring's all genial power,
Welcome too the cuckoo's song:
Welcome then the jocund hour,
As friends in converse stroll along.

11.

"To point to Snowdon's peak sublime
Heavy,—but not so to climb:
Alike for him, who knows no pain,
To bid the sick man smile again.

translated under the title above adopted, The Seven Answers, here given, will, no doubt, remind the classical reader of the apothegms of the Seven Sages of Greece: nor will they suffer in the comparison.—Ed.

"† Arch. of Wales, vol. iii, p. 38."

"* Penillion are properly Epigrammatic Stanzas, and owe their birth to the purest ages of the Bardic Institution, one of whose main objects it was, as before observed, to encourage the exercise of memory, as well by the recital of historical traditions, as by the retention of moral lessons. Whilst the Triad embodied the more important features of historical and institutional lore, the feats of war and the precepts of wisdom and morality were, principally, reserved for the Penillion. And to these, no doubt, Caesar alludes (*Bell. Gall. lib. 6, c. 13*), in speaking of the number of verses learnt by those, who became pupils under the Druidical system; and, when he adds, that the student was, in some cases, thus occupied for twenty years, it may supply us with a notion of the extent, to which this practice was carried."

12.

"Place on my breast, if still you doubt,
Your hand, but no rough pressure making,
And, if you listen, you'll find out,
How throbs a little heart when breaking.

13.

"As late I roam'd in silent gloom,
By all the church-yard's dead surrounded,
By chance I struck my dear one's tomb,
And, oh, my heart sunk all confounded.

14.

"Fierce storms at sea, the sun far-flying,
Brown rocks o'er woodless deserts lying,
And screaming gulls where men should be,
Heaven! what disheartening misery.

15.

"Then break, my heart, if thou must break;
Why thus the pang so ling'ring make,
By little and little going,
As thawing ice down mountains flowing?

16.

"Many an apple will you find
In hue and bloom so cheating,
That, search what grows beneath its rind,
It is not worth your eating.
Ere closes summer's sultry hour,
This fruit will be the first to sour."

ITALIAN LITERATURE *.

There was published last year at Rome, a Dissertation on the Life and Writings of Celio Calcagnini, prothonotary to the apostolic see, written by Monsignore Tommaso Guido Calcagnini, who is a descendant of that family. Though the name of Calcagnini is sufficiently familiar to the learned, we believe that the more numerous class of readers will thank us for extracting a few particulars, which have seemed to us the most interesting, especially those which relate to the astronomical opinions of the author.

Celio Calcagnini was born at Ferrara, on the 17th of September, 1479; in his youth he applied diligently to study, and particularly distinguished himself by his knowledge of ancient and modern languages. He at first chose the military career, and served in the armies of the Emperor Maximilian, and afterwards of Pope Julius II.; but he soon quitted the army for the diplomatic line, and was employed in several embassies, in one of which he travelled through part of Germany, Hungary, and Poland. At the age of 41 (1520), he fixed his residence in his own country, where he filled the chair of Belles Lettres till his death, except that in 1550 he was sent by Duke Hercules II. to Rome, on a mission to Paul III.

Among the numerous works of Calcagnini, which embrace jurisprudence, politics, antiquities, philology, theology, &c. (not to mention his great reputation as a Latin poet), we mean only to notice particularly his dissertation, entitled, "Quod Cœlum stet, terra autem movetur." Tiraboschi affirms that he published this essay before Copernicus published his system, which was in 1543. Nor

* Carlie, in his defence, referred to the imprisonment of Galileo, for outstripping the intelligence of the age in which he lived: the following article throws a new and curious light on that subject.—Ed.

can it be well supposed, that Calcagnini, when travelling in Germany, had heard what Copernicus taught, since a man so ingenious and upright as he was, would certainly have mentioned it, as he does that Cardinal de Cusa entertained the same opinion. Had it been otherwise, Paulus Jovius and Murcantonio Majoragio, his enemies, would not have failed to upbraid him with plagiarism.

The writing in question is not above seven pages in length; and the motion of the earth is not only maintained in it with much force of argument, but the author ridicules those who are so short-sighted as to suppose the contrary. "This firmament," says he, "which you suppose to revolve with inexplicable velocity; this sun, these stars, which you imagine to be hurried on by a rapid motion, remain fixed, and supported on their poles, enjoy perpetual rest. This earth, on the contrary, which you fancy is fast and immovable (so much do your senses deceive you), neither stands fast, nor does it rest on any denser element, as is believed by most people, but does itself move with incomparable velocity; and eternally revolve; and with it we mortals also revolve, with our dwellings, our cities, with the mountains, the rivers, &c." In order to shew how illusory the testimony of our senses is, he avails himself of the well-known instance of navigators, to whom the shore seems to move, and their vessel to be still. He says, that there is no reason which can tend to persuade us, that the heavens turn to the right, which does not, on the other hand, more strongly favour the belief, that the earth turns to the left. He considers the first opinion as absurd, since, if the firmament was to complete its revolution in 24 hours, it must move at the rate of 100,000 miles in a second of time. He maintains that there are antipodes; and adduces plausible reasons to prove that this is not astonishing; and shews, that by adopting the system of the earth's motion round the sun, it may be fully explained how the polar regions can be for one half year involved in the darkness of night. And here he opposes the opinion of those who think that the countries round the poles are not habitable; for, says he, "they cannot want the necessaries of life, since their six months night is compensated by six months day."

Those who are astonished at what happened to Galilei, in Rome, for having maintained this same system of the motion of the earth, must be surprised that a prothonotary of the Pope should have broached the same system with impunity, above a century before. It is curious, too, that the very title of this essay of Calcagnini's is so expressed as to form a direct antithesis to the celebrated passage in the Bible, "*Terra in æternum stat.*" And not only did an apostolic prothonotary philosophize so freely in these times, but a Cardinal thought and wrote to the same effect before him. "I have been told," says Calcagnini, "that Cardinal de Cusa, a most judicious and learned man, held the same opinion in the last century. How happy should I have been, if I had met with his writings!"

If these notices are not indifferent, as re-

lating to the history of the science, it would also be agreeable to know the reasons, which, at a subsequent period, caused it to be imputed as a crime to Galilei, that he had developed the same theories. It has been repeated over and over again, that ignorance, superstition, and religious fanaticism, conspired against Galilei. It would not be difficult to find instances of similar hostility to new opinions. In the last century, the university of Paris thought fit to decry the doctrine of the circulation of the blood, and to proscribe the use of Peruvian bark, which was said to be a remedy for the ague in Peru, only because the Americans had made a compact with the devil. In general, it may be said in such cases, that truths of every kind are but slowly propagated among men: those who first take upon themselves the task of maintaining them, are for the most part ill received. Even many philosophers, such as Tycho Brahe, Merseus, Gassendo, and a crowd of others mentioned in the *Almagest* Riccioli, who was himself of the number, endeavoured to discredit the system of Copernicus as not conformable to religion. But to return to Galilei: what he suffered in the second period seems to have arisen from a personal pique of Urban VIII. This pontiff, who made some pretensions to literature, did not much approve the system of the earth's motion; and Galilei, whose prudence was not equal to his genius, could not refrain from some sarcasms, which drew upon him unpleasant consequences.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS,
FOR JULY, 1819.

Art. I. Karamania, by Capt. Beaufort. (See *Literary Gazette*, No. 132.)

Art. II. Ancienne Poesies Francaises, from the M.S. No. 2253 of the Harleian Library in the British Museum. London, from the Shakespear press, 1818. 4to.

When William the Conqueror had made himself master of England, his skilful policy employed various means to secure his dominion. One of the most remarkable was the introduction of the French language. He published in that tongue the laws by which the magistrates decided on the life, the liberty, and the fortune of his subjects; and he sometimes punished the great men, who through contempt or negligence did not study French, which had become the language of the court, the government, and the tribunals. It was Edward III who first abolished the use of it at the bar, and in the public acts. Some literary works were however composed, some of which have been preserved. The Abbe de la Rue has made us acquainted with several Anglo-Norman poets, whose French poems still exist in manuscript in the British Museum.

One of the manuscripts of this celebrated library (No. 2253), contains a great number of pieces written in French: some of them, in prose, are chiefly translations from the Bible; the others, in verse, are on a great variety of subjects.

Among the works in verse, Mr. Francis Cohen, who applies with much success to

the study of the antiquities and the languages of the middle ages, has selected and printed (but only to the number of 30 copies) four pieces, two of which seem to deserve to be particularly known, because they relate to historical facts, and have been undiscovered, or neglected, by the authors who have written the history of England.

These four pieces are: 1. A Complaint of the Acts of Oppression committed by the Tribunals called *Justices de TRAYLL-BASTON*. 2. A Fabliau called "*Le Jongleur de Elg et le Roi d'Angleterre*." 3. *Le Dit de la Gageure*. 4. *Le Chant sur la Mort de Symon de Montfort, Comte de Leicester*.

The *Dit de la Gageure* is not otherwise interesting than as representing the very free manners and compositions of those times. *Le Jongleur et le Roi* contains near 400 verses, and gives a pretty accurate idea of the kind of wit which was employed in courts, to obtain distinction by gaiety and pleasantry.

With respect to the two historical pieces, we shall follow the order of time.

The poem on the Death of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, was composed after the battle of Evesham, fought on the 4th of August 1265, under the reign of Henry III. The Earl of Leicester was son to the famous Count de Montfort, whose name recalls one of the unhappy periods of the history of France. The Earl of Leicester was at the head of the party which forced the King to sign the treaty called "*Statute & Expedients d'Oxford*." The King having afterwards refused to execute it, the Barons made war on him. He lost the battle of Lewes, and with his brother Richard and his son Edward, fell into the power of the Barons, who established a new form of government, and got it approved by the King, by his son and by the parliament, in 1264. The Earl of Leicester was still at the head of the confederacy of the Barons; but dissensions having arisen in this party, Prince Edward escaped: he collected an army, and on the 4th of August 1265, gained the battle of Evesham, in which the Earl and his son Henry perished.

On this occasion was composed the chaunt or song, the burden of which is

Ore est ocs
La flur de pris
Qui tant savoit de guerre
Ly cuens Mountfort;
Sa dure mort
Molt en plora la terre.

The author laments the misfortune of the Barons who have perished in their attempt to save England. He compares Montfort to Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mes, par sa mort
Le cuens Mountfort
Conquist la victoire,
Come ly martyr
De Caunterbyr
Finist sa vie,
Ne voleist pas
Ly bon Thomas

* Also called "*La Mise d'Oxford*." *Mise*, in ancient French, signified Arbitrage, Convention.

Que perist acute eglise;
Ly cuens auxi
Se combati
E mourust sauntz feyntise.
Ore est ocs, &c.

These verses will enable the reader to judge of the spirit in which this song was composed, as well as of the merit of the style, which is very remarkable, whether we consider the age, or the place in which the author wrote.

[As this language is perfectly intelligible to all who are acquainted with French, we do not think it necessary to give a translation of the above lines, though Mr. Raynouard has accompanied them by a paraphrase (rather than a translation) in modern French. If we might venture to differ on such a point from a gentleman so profoundly versed as Mr. Raynouard in the ancient French literature and language, we should be inclined to think that the three last lines of the above stanza are not well translated by "The Earl also devoted himself and died for the faith." Perhaps it might be, "fought and died without faint-heartedness:" for so we should have rendered "sauntz feyntise," though we will not insist upon it.]

The Complaint of the Cruelties of the Tribunals of Trayll Baston was composed under the reign of Edward, the son and successor of Henry III.

Edward having pretended that justice was administered with too much delay, negligence, and partiality, appointed by his own authority extraordinary judges, who dispatched criminal causes with great rapidity. These judges traversed the provinces. No satisfactory explanation has yet been given of the term of "*TRAYLL BASTON*," applied to this tribunal. The proceedings of these commissions often gave rise to complaints.

The piece which denounces the unjust proceedings of these judges is of 33 stanzas, each containing four verses, except one, which has six. The verses of each stanza rhyme together. The author complains of the establishment of this commission. He had fled into the forests to avoid its pursuit, though he says:

J'ay servi my sire le roy en pees et en guerre,
En Flandres, en Escoce, en Gaacoyne sa terre.

He mentions Martin and Knowle as equitable judges, and Spigurnel and Belfour as cruel judges; on whom he says he would execute vengeance if he had them in his power.

He says that this commission will cause the fugitives to become robbers; and invites people to join him.

I must notice some circumstances (says Mr. R.); the volume which contains these

† An anecdote is related of a facetious judge in our own times, which might, it seems, apply to these worthies. Lord N—, on a special commission to try the rebels in our sister kingdom, had, in the course of a sitting, convicted a great many. "You are going on swimmingly here, my lord," said a counsel for the prisoners. "Yes," answered his Lordship, significantly; "seven knots an hour." Hanging is however a bad subject for a pun.

four pieces has neither title-page nor frontispiece; the name of the editor is not to be found in it; and the notes are not in the MS.; the editor has inserted them, endeavouring to imitate the language of the age.

Art. III. Cicognara; History of Sculpture, &c. (For this, see *Literary Gazette*, No. 135.)

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

IMPERIAL TOURISTS.

Continuation of the Journal of their Imperial Highnesses the Archdukes John and Lewis of Austria, on their second Tour through England.

Middlewich is one of the salt districts of England. The termination *wich*, which belongs to the ancient Saxon, always indicates the presence of a mine of salt.

In this country you begin to perceive the particular smell which characterizes salt works.

We had letters for Mr. Marshall, proprietor of one of the salt works of Northwich, and this gave us an opportunity of more closely examining the mines and the works.

We passed through Chester in the night, and afterwards through Wrexham, a small district of the principality of Wales. The mountains to the west begin to rise more and more; the country is well cultivated. There is but little wood to be seen; the valleys are very populous, and watered by large streams of very clear water, which come from the mountains. These streams everywhere set mills in motion. On the heights, which you pass before you reach the valley of Llangollen, there are several mines of coals and iron, which are worked; and foundries to melt and manufacture the iron which is extracted from them.

The view from the heights into the vale of Llangollen, is very fine. The hills themselves are covered with dwellings, inhabited by the workmen who labour in the mines. These hills are on the north side; those on the south are higher and steeper. There are chalk quarries, and furnaces for burning lime. At the bottom, you see beautiful meadows, the whole valley, and the magnificent aqueduct which carries the Ellesmere canal over the valley. At the foot of the hills, at the entrance of the coal and iron mines, is a little port. The aqueduct crosses the valley for a length of two thousand feet, and is a hundred and forty in height. It rests on twenty arches: the pillars are of stone, and the arches they sustain of cast iron. Upon these arches is the iron trough which forms the aqueduct. This work is very handsome and very solid. It is worth the trouble to descend into the valley to examine it from below, where all the construction of the arches is to be seen. In the middle is an aperture, which may be closed and opened at pleasure, to let out the water when

there is too much: it there forms a cascade. Two miles higher is the village of Llangollen; after this you see a valley, said to be one of the most beautiful in Wales; which I am however inclined to doubt, because the country is destitute of trees, and because walls are everywhere seen among the pastures.

We quitted the valley of Llangollen to go to that of Cnirk, which is very beautiful, and only four miles from the former. Here there is another admirable aqueduct, which conducts the canal from Llangollen, for the distance of three hundred yards, through a subterranean channel which pierces the hill in the form of an elliptical vault, two fathoms high, and as many wide. These two aqueducts were constructed by an engineer of the name of Telford, and may be justly ranked among the finest works in England.

On the 12th of January we went to Shrewsbury, where we stopped to see the thread manufactory of Messrs. Marshall and Co. who are also the proprietors of that at Leeds; but this at Shrewsbury is less extensive, and appears to be an older establishment. No wood is employed in the construction of the building; it is of brick and iron, divided into several stories, as these manufactories usually are. The pillars are of cast iron. A second building is joined to the principal one by a bridge of iron chains, executed by Palmer, who has obtained a patent for this invention. The bridge is formed of two chains only, on which lie broad bands of iron with a ballustrade at the edge. This bridge is but very slightly shaken when you pass over it. Its length is about six or eight fathoms, and its breadth six feet.

The flax used in this manufactory is English, or procured from Pernan, in Livonia. It is first carded by hand in the usual manner, then it is put into the carding machine invented by Marshall, for which he has a patent. There is a description of it in the *Repository of Arts*.

The thread is bleached with muriatic acid. There is a dyeing house united with the manufactory, which (the manufactory) employs, in all, six hundred persons.

Shrewsbury is a very irregularly built town: a pretty promenade, and the beautiful valley of the *Saucone*, which becomes a lake when the snows melt on the Welch mountains, are what are most worthy of being seen.

In all these parts, the breeding of sheep seems to be a principal branch of rural industry.

We passed by Lighton. We saw a fine country and many little woods. At some distance you perceive an iron bridge; and a little behind, the narrow defile of Colebrookdale, covered with smoke. This district is one of the most picturesque in the country: the hills are steep. We saw, at a season when the fields and pastures bore the stamp of winter, verdant meadows, watered by little streams; and near the houses, green oaks and laurels.

The district of Colebrookdale is one of

the most considerable for the production of iron; the extent of the ground, under which are the coal mines, is nearly eight miles long, by two broad; and there are veins of coal down to the depth of 500 feet, which are from 2 to 10 yards in thickness, and which pass under the Severn.

The country becomes more beautiful as you approach Worcester. This city is well built: it has handsome suburbs, and is surrounded by a fine champaign country. There are two porcelain manufactories in this city, which are esteemed the best in England.

We stopped at Gloucester, where we saw some manufactories; among others, the pin-manufactory of Mr. Werner, which employs seven hundred persons.

In the neighbourhood of Darnley are the manufactories of fine cloth, which receive their wool from Spain and Germany.

As you approach Bristol, the land is covered with fine country-houses, the number of which increases rapidly.

We passed over the heights crowned by the village of Clifton, where we crossed to go to the *Mall*, a pretty place, where there is the finest inn in England.

The next day (the 16th) we went out to see the environs, and some of the manufactories of Bristol. Here you have the convenience of finding at the inn itself, a man who acts as Cicerone to travellers.

On our way to see the Roman camp, we passed by a house, the sign of which indicated a bath. When this house was building, the owner had a well made: miners blew up the rock and dug to the depth of 200 feet without meeting with water; the proprietor made them continue to the depth of 240 feet, when the water rose with such vehemence, that the workmen had scarcely time to save themselves. They found not only much water, but also a warm spring, of which the proprietor has taken advantage to make baths. The temperature of the bottom of the spring is 70 degrees of Fahrenheit. A steam engine has been erected to raise the water.

When you have got out of the city, you begin to ascend: on the right is a fine valley; it is a pretty rapid ascent to the Roman Camp, which forms a square on the highest spot in the country: in the middle there is a tower, which seems to be modern. At present this camp serves as a *manège*: we saw a young horse broke there. Medals of the latter Roman emperors are still often found here.

We went to the acidulous spring, the water of which is much resorted to by the sick. The building, which is over it is pretty large: the water is lukewarm and insipid (fade): it contains much salt. The spring is at the foot of the rocks, from which the Avon rises. Its level is 26 feet below the surface of the sea at high water, and 10 feet below it at low water: it furnishes 60 gallons per minute. This spring is very ancient; but it was not till 1695 that a society regulated it. In the calcareous rocks in the neighbourhood, rock crystals are found, which are pretty limpid, and are sold to travellers under the name of Bristol diamonds,

* We are promised the observations on these subjects in a future communication.—Ed.

The waters of Bristol are very much frequented from the month of April to the month of November.

(To be continued.)

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The *Journal de Paris* contains the following:—The English papers some time ago mentioned, that a motion had been made in the British parliament, for printing some trigonometrical and logarithmical tables at the public expence of England and France.

The Paris journals copied the article, and since that period nothing more has been said on the subject. However, the intention has not been relinquished. The members of the Bureau of Longitude have been appointed, conjointly with several persons in London, to draw up the necessary agreements for ensuring the payment and the success of an undertaking which must prove mutually advantageous to both nations.

M. de Prony, of the Royal Institute, is the author of the tables, and M. Firmin Didot is appointed to print them. One half the copies of the edition, which will become the property of the French government, will be distributed through the Libraries and principal public establishments of France.

M. Godefroy, an intelligent naturalist, who has been selected by the professors of the Jardin du Roi, is on the point of sailing from Nantes, to visit the Philippine Islands, at the expence of the French government. M. Godefroy will be accompanied by his brother, who is a student of medicine and anatomy of the College of Rennes. The travellers will afford mutual assistance to each other, and their observations cannot fail to be attended with interesting results. The islands to which they are proceeding have not hitherto been visited by any French naturalist.

THIBET SHEEP IN FRANCE.

We some time ago mentioned that a flock of the goats of Thibet had been imported to France under the auspices of the government, by M. M. Terneux and Jaubert; and last week noticed the manufactures from their fleece, exhibited at the National Exposition. The object of this importation is, to propagate the breed of these valuable animals in Europe, as they produce the wool from which the most beautiful Cashmere shawls are manufactured. They continue to thrive excellently in France. Their number amounts to 450, exclusive of 20 sheep of the Astracan breed.

The flock consists of three divisions; the first, including 140 goats, is placed in the royal folds of Perpignan; the second, amounting to 204, is consigned to the care of M. Aguilon, whose estates are situated among the high mountains to the north of the road leading to Toulon; the remainder are in the department of the Bouches-de-Rhone.

The identity of these animals with the breed, from whose down the Cashmere shawls

are produced, cannot be called in question. The down is so beautifully white, soft, and silky, that nothing more perfect in its kind can possibly exist. Besides, from the accounts of European travellers who have visited Thibet, the unanimous and authentic declarations of the oriental merchants, who have been consulted at Constantinople and elsewhere, and above all, the name given to the Cashmere goat and its down, in the language of the Nomades, every doubt is banished respecting the origin of these animals.

The reputation of M. Ferneux among merchants and manufacturers in every part of the world, and M. Jaubert's intimate acquaintance with the languages, manners, and diplomacy of the east, doubtless contributed to the success of their undertaking. M. Jaubert, who arrived in Paris a few days ago, has brought with him, besides several magnificent specimens of the Cashmere wool, various antique fragments, models, &c.—*French Journals.*

[We should be glad to see this breed brought to, and tried in England. Surely our eastern empire furnishes us with the greatest facilities.—*Ed.*]

HUNGARIAN ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Pesth, July 17th, 1819.—Our national Museum receives almost daily improvements. Its illustrious founder and patron, the Archduke Palatine, continues, even while abroad, to promote its interest. He last year desired to have a list of the articles wanted; particularly in what relates to history, and which might, for the most part, be supplied in Italy. The Prince has already fulfilled many of the wishes intimated in this list. Thus the museum has received a volume of extremely valuable documents concerning the Saxon nation. It is well known that many of the first families of Piedmont boast of a Saxon origin, and welcome Saxon travellers with the greatest hospitality as their countrymen. Besides this, he sent from Florence twelve letters from Lorenzo di Medicis to King Wladislaus II. on the Bible, which King Matthew Corvinus bought for 1400 ducats; on the Breviary, which the same king caused to be written and printed in Florence. He likewise bought for the museum the valuable MSS. in 42 volumes, of the celebrated botanist, Kitaibel, who died last year. This noble example has encouraged others to follow it. Thus, for instance, Count A. A. Von Varkony has presented the museum with a Venetian edition of Apuleius, of the fifteenth century, with a dedication of Beroaldus to the Archbishop Peter of Colocza. Count Aspermont gave eight folio volumes, which contain the very finely written collection of the writings of Prince Eugene.

Another important addition will be made to the museum, by the antiquities procured from an ancient Roman burying-ground, which was accidentally discovered by a countryman, near Stain, on the Anger. This was the chief place of the Roman colony in Pannonia, founded by the Emperor Claudius. It still bears its ancient name, Sabaria. Our

lately deceased librarian, Abbot Schonvisner, had already, in the year 1791, published a most excellent work on the monuments and coins found there, called "*Antiquitates et Historia Sabariensis.*" But this burying-ground, which was discovered only a few months ago, will furnish a much more considerable collection than all that has been yet discovered. Above a hundred tombs have already been opened, which contained stone coffins, with daggers, urns, lamps, rings, arrows, beads, gold chains, &c.

Our observatory, which has already cost above half a million, is going, for the most part, to be pulled down, and re-built after a better plan; but the project, it is thought, will still leave the original evils unremedied.

The work called "*Costumes of Hungary and Croatia,*" which is well known in foreign countries, has just been completed. It contains 72 plates, which are, almost without exception, admirably and faithfully copied from nature. Few other nations can boast of such a work, and so well executed. The artists are Messrs. Blaschke, Podheimer, and Bikkessy.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

FRENCH INSTITUTE.

The last sitting of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, at which the chevalier Berrie presided, was very numerously attended. Several foreigners of distinction were present.

The academy having this year awarded two grand prizes in the class of musical composition, the sitting opened with the performance of the *Scena*, composed by M. Halvy, which won the first prize: it is entitled *Hermine*. The subject is from Jerusalem Delivered. It was loudly applauded.

M. Quatremere de Quincy, the perpetual secretary, read a notice on the life and works of Rolland.

M. Cartellier delivered a report on the productions of the students of the French academy at Rome.

M. Quatremere de Quincy read a historical notice on the life and compositions of Mehus.

After the distribution of the grand prizes of painting, sculpture, medal-engraving, and musical composition, the *Scena*, by M. Masin, which obtained the second prize, was performed with great applause.

At the request of the president of the committee of the *Metallic gallery of the distinguished men of France*, the academy consented to decide on the medal which might deserve the annual prize granted by that society to the best engraver. Accordingly, after the distribution of the grand prizes, it was announced that M. Gayrard and M. Gatteaux had divided the prize between them, the former for the medal of Bossuet, and the latter for the medal of Rabelais.

The pictures, bas-reliefs, architectural plans, and engravings, for which prizes were granted, were exhibited in the gallery of the institute.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TITANIA.

[For Music.]

RECITATIVE.

Come hither, fairies!—all who sleeping lie
Beside the margin of this silver lake:
Come ye who sail upon the floating leaves
Which the sweet breath of summer wafts along:
Come ye who whisper dreams to lovers' ears,
And ye who tremble in the rainbow beams:
Come all who haunt the flowers, and hide your
heads

In the rich violet and the bursting rose:
Titania calls.—Come hither! Ye may tread
The sward awhile, then, some must upwards fly,
And meet the falling stars;—Some ride the
waves;—

Some the fast winds outstrip, when they in sport
Scatter the fleecy clouds at deep midnight,
And bare the bosom of the moon. Away!

AIR.

Come hither, every elfin sprite
That dances by the cold moonlight;
Come and trace your circles green
Before me; 'tis to please your queen.
Quit for a time your leafy halls;
It is your queen Titania calls.
Come hither, come hither.

Come hither, fairies: 'tis the hour
When each may quit her curled flower,
It is the time when mortals sleep,
And we immortal revels keep.
Come, for once I'll dance with ye,
And lay aside my royalty.
Come hither, come hither.

[W.]

SONNET.

(Written after seeing Rob Roy.)

MACREADY! thou hast pleas'd me much: till now
(And yet I would not thy fine powers arraign),
I did not think thou hadst that livelier vein,
Nor that clear open spirit upon thy brow.
Come, I will crown thee with Apollo's bough:
Mine is a humble branch, yet not in vain
Giv'n, if the few I sing shall not disdain
To wear the little wreaths that I bestow.—
There is a buoyant air, a passionate tone
That breathes about thee, and lights up thine eye
With fire and freedom; it becomes thee well.
It is the bursting of a good seed, sown
Beneath a cold and artificial sky:
Thy genius overmastering its spell.

C. L. May, 1819.

[By Correspondents.]

SONNET: AFTER THE ANCIENT STYLE.

This little book the gentle muse hath penn'd,
When that she had an idle hour to lose;
What time the evening shades do broad extend,
Or, sheeny morn walks forth among the dews.

And shouldst thou, Goodman reader, there espie
Somewhat ungainly in the muse's style,
Do not, for that, her work flog careless by—
It may yett the ingle-nook awhile.

And think thee, critic, of a brow malign,
Whose up-turn'd nose declares your cank'ring
spite,

That ye mote not offend the sacred nine,
Ne censure what thou canst not set aright.

Go forth then, little book, and speed thee fair—
For, well I wot, thou hast my special pray'r.
J. H.

TO A LADY,
ON HER USING ROUGE.

If, lovely Piet! thou would'st conspire with
Time,

To mar thy virgin beauty in its prime,
Go paint thy flies; but, when thou hast done,
Shrink into shade—thou canst not meet the sun!

The gorgeous insect may with pride unfold
Its Tyrian hues, and gleamy spots of gold,
As, glancing to the noontide sun, it seems
To catch new rays of beauty from his beams:
But, shouldst thou once pursue the lovely thing,
Whose charms—whose safety rest upon its wing,
And in thy hand secure the struggling prize,
Where were its golden spots and Tyrian dyes?
Thy softest touch—thy tenderest caress,
Would rob that wing of half its loveliness:
So, lady, thou mayst flutter in the blaze
Of midnight splendors, and enchant our gaze;
But, should a lover woo thee, e'en his sigh,
Would blight thy roses, if 'twere breath'd too
nigh:

Or, should he once a stolen kiss presume,
His lips, alas! would steal away thy bloom.
Then wherefore stoop to bear a picture's part,
And only seem to be the thing thou art?
Lovely by nature, thou shouldst spurn the aid
That only makes thee so in masquerade:
It ill befits that chaste—that Cynthian cheek,
To glow so fiercely 'neath an eye so meek;
And ill it suits that dimple, sweetly wild,
To be by art of liberty beguild.
Nature hath blest thee—she hath made thee
fair:—

Still let her softer graces be thy care;
Nor deem thy beauty less because the rose
On others' cheeks, perchance, more warmly
glows.

Thou' beauteous as Aurora's roseate gleam—
Sweet is the light of Dian's silvery beam;
Thou' rich the ruby in the diadem—
The simpler pearl is yet a lovelier gem;
Thou' gayest plumage may adorn the grove—
The snow-white Turtle is the bird of Love.

Camden Town, Oct. 25, 1819.

H. A. D.

* The Picts and our barbarous progenitors
were great adepts at this mode of adorning them-
selves.

LINES: Written on leaving England.

"Who quits the country of his fathers without
a sigh? Yet who journeys forward to lands un-
explored without hopes of strange and unexpected
pleasures? It is a season of apprehensive
emotions, flutterings of the heart, and hopes and
fears too numerous to be defined." Holcroft.

Land of my birth, and where my father died,
A long, a sad farewell!—perchance thy shore
May never glad these eyes again;—no more
The voice of kindred in its soothing tide
Steal o'er my heart, and bid its woe subside!
But oh! if heaven, propitious to my pray'r,
In mercy should see fit this frame to spare,
(This feeble frame, so long by sorrow tried.)

With what delight methinks my breast will beat,
When I again shall mark thy cliffs appear,
That yonder now their whiten'd fronts uprear
Proudly above the flood, while at their feet
Its billows dash, mingling their distant swell
With this my falt'ring—this my last farewell!
Down, October 19, 1819. W. S. S.

THE CRUMPETER.

Come hither, Maria, and sit down by me,
And butter the crumpets, and pour out the tea;
And while on each crumpet I gaze with a thrill,
I'll tell ye, my girl, that I love dearly still,
On an old china plate, in its splendour to see,
A crumpet all toasted, and butter'd by thee!

Yet think not the fame of your muffins is gone;
No, them I shall love most respectfully on,
As long as their toaster, as long as I live,
Or as long, my sweet nymph, as you've muffins
to give:

But in them, my Maria, there's nothing to see,
When compared to a crumpet that's toasted by
thee.
R. R.

BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THE LATE MR.
JAMES HOPWOOD, THE ENGRAVER.

[By a Friend.]

It was sufficient to see and to converse
with Mr. Hopwood, to be convinced that a
disposition so active, and a character of such
energy, could not remain any where undis-
tinguished.

His talents as an artist were but very mo-
derate; his practice in drawing filled up
some leisure hours in the early part of his
life, and was confined to the patient and
mechanical operation of copying and imita-
ting prints engraved in the manner of chalk;
in which he rendered himself sufficiently
skilful to apply his knowledge to copper,
and subsequently to avail himself of it for
the support of his family. In doing this he
encountered difficulties, and surmounted
obstacles which were abundantly sufficient
to overwhelm any but a powerful mind.
Unacquainted with the principles of the
art, he might be said to work in the dark;
and every gleam of light which he obtained,
served but to show some deviations from
the right path: thus his struggle to advance
was, in some measure, actually impeded by
accessories of partial knowledge.

During this time, a large and increasing
family was to be supported and educated by
his single efforts; until his eldest son, the
present Mr. Wm. Hopwood, seconded those
efforts by the most exemplary perseverance
and patient industry; and it was principally
by his exertions, that the name of his father
became identified with so many works now
before the public; and we should be want-
ing to the cause of every moral virtue, if we
did not pay this passing tribute to the esti-
mable qualities of the son, while enumerat-
ing those of the parent. As it exhibits with
what success the subject of this little me-
morial instilled into the minds of his children
honourable and even exalted principles of

action, the writer may perhaps be pardoned if he mentions an event in this excellent young man's boyhood, which was related to him, a few days after its occurrence, by Mr. Hopwood himself, with all the emotion it was calculated to excite in the breast of a father. One morning, at a time when William was only about fifteen years of age, Mr. Hopwood was induced by some unaccountable circumstances, to rise from his bed at two o'clock and proceed to the engraving room, where he surprised his son hard at work; and it then came out, that, although he was in the habit of poring over the copper for 13 or 14 hours in the day, it was his uniform practice at night, as soon as he conceived all the family were asleep, cautiously to get up, to relight his lamp, and in silence and secrecy to continue his drudgery for three or four hours, in order to expedite plates, the early completion of which he knew to be essential to the comfort of the beings, to whom he thus proved the ardency of his filial and fraternal affection. How many of those incidents in ancient and modern story, which the world have agreed to call noble and heroic, sink into insignificance in comparison with such conduct.

It may be necessary to say something of the progress by which Mr. Hopwood's attainments as an engraver were acquired, and also the way in which his character developed itself.

He was a native of Yorkshire, we believe Beverley: his parents died while he was young, and his education and principal support were derived from the kindness of his uncle, Mr. Wardell, of Beverley, by whose care he was placed in the office of Mr. Bacon Franks, an intelligent and useful magistrate, then residing at Campsall, near Doncaster. In this situation he continued for some time, but on his marriage he left it, and removed to Norton, a village about a mile from the former place.

It was here that the writer, in the year 1795, found him with a family of six children, occupied with some of his first speculations on copper.

He had with indefatigable labour already produced an engraving of the *Virgin and Child*, from a picture said to be by Raphael, for which he got a subscription;—this led him to attempt a head from Morales, in which some advance in the way of improvement was made; but not sufficient for professional purposes; and a journey to London was deemed necessary in order to obtain that knowledge, by which his future practice was to be regulated.

In consequence of a recommendation to Mr. Heath, he was kindly permitted to work in his house, and to gather what instruction might arise from occasional hints, and the conversations on art, which often took place. Here he laid the foundation for that connection and employment, which, at a subsequent period, enabled him to remove his family to the metropolis.

It is not to be supposed that all this was effected without incessant assiduity, more especially as he had to make up by labour what he wanted in skill.

Those mental powers which had distinguished him in the country, where he was considered as an oracle, and was appealed to as the arbitrator of village differences, would not be wholly lost even in the metropolis itself; accordingly his vigorous mind engaged actively in the study of every subject that presented itself, whether of interest or curiosity. All were to be traced from their first principles to their ultimate results.

In the education of his family, whatever he had to teach, he would first endeavour to learn; and the proficiency of one of his daughters and his youngest son in music, as well as that of another of his daughters in drawing, are principally owing to his great exertions. Unsparing of himself, he never permitted others to relax, and like the conqueror of old, thought that nothing was done till all was accomplished.

None better than himself knew the value of making a provision against the decay of powers, accelerated by the necessary exertions, which ensue from the nature of his profession. Mr. Hopwood was among the foremost and the most diligent in the formation and completion of the Artist Benevolent Fund. It was for this he suggested plans, drew up rules and regulations, and in the person of secretary, sustained the weight of opposition, and obstinately combated it wherever it appeared. He just lived to see and experience the effect of his exertions, in the earliest fruits of that Fund he had so creditably to himself laboured to establish.

A lingering and painful illness put a period to his existence on the 29th of September, in the 66th or 67th year of his age.

In person and deportment Mr. Hopwood had much of the eccentric. A total disregard to appearance and dress, gave to strongly marked features no very prepossessing expression. His profile might have served for the resemblance of Voltaire. His habits were social, but accompanied by no excess, with the exception of late hours,—in that respect he was no flincher. When residing at Norton, he would sometimes spend his evenings at Doncaster, a distance of about nine miles. From that place he would start at one, two, or three o'clock, equally regardless of the length of the way or the severity of the weather.

His conversational powers brought him acquainted with the intelligent of all ranks; and the influence of his talents was felt and acknowledged in whatever circle he chanced to move.

Towards the close of life, the irritability which naturally belongs to every man of Mr. Hopwood's character, exacerbated by the struggles, the vicissitudes, and the disappointments which he had experienced, increased to a degree that was extremely distressing to himself and to his friends. But all who partake, however sparingly, of a similar temperament, well know how to sympathize with a human being placed under such circumstances; and will willingly admit that that which is not wholly justifiable, may nevertheless be susceptible of much extenuation.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

IMPROVEMENTS IN MODERN GREECE.

[Extract from a Letter.]

In the city of Cydonia, near Pergamus, in Asia Minor, they are employed in erecting a Greek press. The expences attached to this undertaking are to be paid from the private fund of Mr. Maltis Saltelis, one of the most respectable inhabitants of this city, and distinguished for his patriotic virtues. He had sent Mr. Constantine Dobras, a young and interesting native of Cydonia, to Paris, to learn the art of printing of Mr. Firmin Didot. Mr. Dobras experienced from Messrs. Didot and Son an extremely polite reception, and was supported in his undertaking by every possible assistance. After having made himself thoroughly acquainted, in the space of two years, with composing and type founding, he bought, at the expence of his patron, Mr. Saltelis, types, presses, and all other requisite utensils, left Paris, and is now expected impatiently in his native city, to which he will without doubt do very great services, as the head of the printing office of Mr. Saltelis, and, with the assistance of some enlightened friends, as the publisher of several Scientific and Literary works, particularly on education.

All the inhabitants of Cydonia are Greeks; the form of government is purely aristocratic. Twelve magistrates, chosen from the most wealthy and able citizens, conduct the state affairs with moderation. There is, indeed, a Turkish Aga, but he is extremely limited in his functions, as he is not permitted to punish any body without the consent of the twelve magistrates. A large quarter of the city, which (namely the city) contains from 12 to 15,000 souls, is inhabited by a part of those unhappy Peloponnesians who, after the dreadful devastation of their country, during the reign of Catherine II., found here a refuge and generous support. Since a great and very well organized college has been established, which disputes the precedence with those of Smyrna and Chios, Cydonia, enjoys a very high reputation throughout Greece. The first person who taught the Mathematics and Natural Philosophy here, was the learned Father Benjamin, of Lesbos. He had studied these sciences in Italy, at the expence of the city, and afterwards at Paris, in the College of France, and in the Polytechnic School. After his return to Cydonia, he made himself enemies by his philosophical and liberal views, and his school was calumniated to the Porte. He had the courage to go himself to Constantinople, where he astonished the whole Synod by his firmness and intrepidity. By his manly energy he removed every obstacle, and returned to Cydonia, where he, for many years, retained his professorship, and educated youths, the majority of whom have appointments in the College, and on their part will contribute to the diffusion of knowledge and science. A very short time ago he left Cydonia, and lives at present at Jassy, in Moldavia. His office has been filled by Deacon Theophilus

Kalri, a man of extensive knowledge, whose sister, Erianthia, is very well acquainted with literature and the French language.

The city of Cylonia carries on a considerable trade. There are few signs of its poverty. The soil produces oil and corn in abundance. Here are many rich land owners, and it is at their expense that the college and the city hospital are supported.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE. The Fisherman's Hut stood for even a shorter period than we anticipated. On Saturday evening it was judiciously withdrawn, with the salvo that it should be reduced to a two-act piece. Good old comedies, and generally, good farces, have since been performed.

COVENT GARDEN. This Theatre seems to have awoke from the apathy into which it had fallen; the good effect of public competition. The plan of the season, as we mentioned several months ago, was to do things tolerably well, (or rather experimentally) till Christmas, and then come out with a burst of strength. The Managers have found it necessary to add a little of the strength to the first part of the campaign. Thus in one week we have Macready advanced to regal dignity, the splendid masque of Arthur and Emmeline revived, and Miss Stephens produced two months before her time! This is as it ought to be, and will reward itself.

MACREADY'S RICHARD III. Our habitual readers, aware of the very high estimation in which we have always held Mr. Macready's powers, will anticipate that we were prepared for a triumph on this occasion; and we rejoice to say, that by this great effort that gentleman has made all the playgoing world think as much of him as we do. We have however resolved to postpone a detailed examination of his Richard, because, striking and intense as was the effect he produced on Monday, his excessive trepidation and want of self-possession was so apparent, as to convince us that his every future assumption of the character would be infinitely more masterly. But we are far from intending to convey an idea that his performance was not admirable;—it was so to the full meaning of that very lofty word; but it was not finished into what we think we shall soon see it, a concentration of all the best Richards of modern times, with a fine original colouring peculiar to the artist himself. In the early scenes Mr. M. subdued his energies considerably; but afterwards they continued mounting to the end, when he was hailed with as general and enthusiastic applause as ever rewarded an actor's exertions. Though we have assigned our reason for not going into details, we must close with a sort of anecdotal specification—a dialogue which we overheard, at a place of eminent critical resort.

"Have you seen Macready's——?"

"Never was more delighted in my life."

"What! haven't you seen Kemble?"

"Yes!" "And Cooke?" "Yes." "And Kean?" "Yes!" "And never was more delighted?" "Never; often not so much."

"Kemble was glorious, and almost defies competition." "Granted; but here is competition that will not be defied and without plucking one fibre of a leaf from our fine tragedian's classic crown, I will not adduce him to depress so noble a young man as this appears to be, with every requisite to inspire hope of future improvement, without a defect that time (a short time) will not cure, and with present excellence such as has rarely been seen on such an occasion."

"You are quite an enthusiast on the subject:—how was his love scene?" "Great!"

"How the suspicious taunting of Stanley?"

"Great!" "How the Hereford moveables with Buckingham?" "Great!" "How the Tower scene and murder of the princes?"

"Great!" "How the Tent scene?"

"Great!" "Before the battle?" "Great!"

"In the battle?" "Great!" "The finale?"

"All Great!" "Why, you surely forget what the play was, (said the *Cynic*, misliking so much praise) you are speaking of Lee's Alexander the Great!" "No, Sir, of William Shakespeare's Richard, as performed by (I believe) William Macready!"

ARTHUR AND EMMELINE. Dryden's Masque, as altered by Garrick, got up with all the splendour, taste, and richness of decoration for which Covent Garden surpasses all the theatres of Europe. To this magnificence is added the most exquisite of our old music; and in a sort of fairy enchantment it seems hard to say which sense is the most enraptured. It is a felicitous revival; for with the magnificent pageantry which has recently been so often combined with sheer absurdity, we have Dryden's poetry, and Purcell's music. Miss Tree, as Philidel, was literally enchanting; and Miss Foote an exceedingly interesting Emmeline. Abbott's King Arthur was spirited, and a picture for look; Emery's Grimbald, capital; and in short, Egerton in Merlin, Pyne in Egbert, Connor in Oswald, and all the other mortals and immortals, in unison with the character of the whole.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE opened on the 26th, under the Ubiquarian management of Mr. William Barrymore, whom we meet at so many minor theatres, that we are always reminded of the Irish joke of introducing, after a long string of Barrys, one Barry—more. He has begun here with fair show.

At Dum Dum, we have already noticed the pieces selected for performance on Tuesday next, and we hear that the audience is likely to be full and brilliant. At Chowringhee, *Three Weeks after Marriage*, and the musical piece of *Lodoisha* are in rehearsal for Friday next, and these are likely also to attract a crowded house. The expected performers from the Cape have not arrived by the Carrington, on which ship it was said

they were to embark. They find, it appears, at the Cape, sufficient patronage to reward their talents, and have drawn together a large dramatic company, and play to overflowing houses. Mr. Cooke is said, by a gentleman who has seen him, to be not a bad imitation of Kean; and Mrs. Cooke and Miss Williams are accounted excellent actresses. We conceive that the success of this party, when learnt in England, will induce some other Theatrical wanderers to shape their course more easterly; and before another year elapses, we have little doubt but that some of them will reach Calcutta, where we are persuaded they would meet with equal encouragement, at least, and perhaps still more ample reward for the exercise of their talents than could be afforded at the Cape.—*Calcutta Journal*.

VARIETIES.

The French papers have lately mentioned the discovery of a salt mine near Vic, in the department of Meurthe. The mine has been discovered at two different points, at a depth of 78 feet; and the perforation already made extends to 290 feet.—What has been ascertained respecting the extent of this mine (they state), warrants the supposition, that it cannot be exhausted for the space of ten centuries; and it is probable, that the hundredth part of its riches is not yet discovered. The salt it produces is said to be of the finest and most salubrious quality.

LORD COCHRANE'S famous steam vessel, which, we believe, was left behind his expedition rather from want of means to complete it, than from insufficiency in its construction, is now nearly finished, and about to be employed as a packet between London and Edinburgh. "To such base uses may we come at last"—instead of releasing Buonaparte, to carry sea-sick passengers and lumbering luggage!

Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, on his return to his native country, has been received with that honour due, and so encouraging, to superiority in the fine arts. A public entertainment has been given on the occasion, and the utmost enthusiasm displayed in distinguishing this great northern artist. We cannot but wish that we sometimes witnessed such scenes in England; they have a more potent effect in stimulating men of genius, than all the *close* academical honours and instituted rewards in the world.

PHENOMENON.

To the Editor of the L. G.

Sir,—I lately read an account of the figure, which, under some peculiar state of the atmosphere, appears on the Hartz mountain, in Germany. It reminds me of an extraordinary illusion to which I was once exposed; if it have interest enough for publication, it is at your service. About seven years since, I was one evening, in the month of October, returning late from a friend's house in the country, where I had dined, to the neighbouring town, about a mile dis-

tant: the night was exceedingly dark, and I had been requested to take with me a lantern; a pocket one could not be found, and I was provided with that which the servants generally carried, swung in the hand. I had to pass through some fields over high ground: soon after I had entered the second of these, I observed something large moving along with me. I placed the lantern on the ground, and walking toward it, saw a gigantic figure retiring with astonishing speed. I immediately perceived that it was my own shadow on a fog, which I had not before observed. The appearance of retiring was phantasmagoric, and arose from my interruption of the rays of light from the lantern, at a lesser angle, as my distance from the light increased. My return to the light was terrific; the figure appeared to advance upon me with frightful rapidity, till it seemed forty feet high. If I had been ignorant of the cause of this appearance, the effects might have much alarmed me, and led to my telling such stories as I should not have gained credit by relating: but aware of the cause, I was delighted with the singularity of my situation; and might have been thought mad by an observer, for every fantastic attitude and action I could assume I did, to be mimicked by my new and shadowy acquaintance. I am, sir, your obedient servant.

W.

BOTANY IN AUSTRIA.—There are at present 23 botanical gardens in the Austrian empire; namely, 1st. at Padua, founded in 1535; 2d. at Presburgh, in 1564; 3d. at the University of Vienna, in 1758; 4th. at the Theresian Academy, restored in 1797; 5th. at the Josephine Academy of medicine and surgery; 6th. at the Veterinary School of Vienna; 7th. at Schönbühn, established in 1753; 8th. at the Belvedere, at Vienna; 9th. at Mantua; 10th. at Salzburgh; 11th. at Graetz, founded in 1812; 12th. at Brescia; 13th. at Verona; 14th. at Milan; 15th. at Prague; 16th. at Brock; 17th. at Bizezina, in Bohemia; 18th. the Garden of Paradise, belonging to the present emperor at Vienna; 19th. the garden of Harrach, also the property of the emperor; 20th. Prince Rasumovsky's garden, at Vienna; 21st. M. Geymüller's, near Vienna; 22d. Baron Pronay's, at Hozendorf; and 23d. Prince Esterhazy's, at Eisenstadt, in Hungary.

LADIES' CHARITY.—In the letters of Madame D. upon England, which have just been published, we find the following passage, which shows how little a woman used to the coteries of Paris can appreciate the purest of our christian charities.—“The most elegant women in London have a certain day, upon which, they go to a large room surrounded with counters, at the end of Argyle Street; they go in person, to sell, for the profit of the poor, the trifles, which they assume themselves in making during the course of the year. You may imagine that a young gentleman who pays his court to a young lady, is not permitted to hesitate at the price of the work of her

fair hands. In fact, I saw several who were really foolishly extravagant, and the bank-notes were showered down on the counters of these ladies.

“I observed in this assembly the prettiest young woman I ever saw in my life; all the men loitered delighted before her counter, and it was she whose stock was the soonest disposed of. The last man who stopped at it took a handful of bank-notes, and exchanged them for a watch-ribbon. I departed, enchanted with this scene.”

INDIAN RETRIBUTION.—A journal of the United States has the following anecdote.—“An Indian of Natchez had an altercation with one of his countrymen, and bit him severely in the hand; the latter declared himself maimed, and demanded the usual combat. The day is fixed; the tribe assemble; the champions advance, the offended man armed, the offender without arms; both painted of different colours. They approach each other running, and stop at 15 paces distance. The man without arms uncovers his breast. His adversary rests calmly on his musket, drinks some draughts out of his gourd, and looks around. All on a sudden he utters a cry, takes aim at his enemy, fires, and hits him. While the offender is weltering in his blood, the other reloads his musket, presents it to the son of his dying adversary, retreats some paces, points with his finger to the place where the heart is seated, and receives the mortal wound. In all such cases it is necessary that both the champions perish.”

The French Society of practical medicine proposes the following questions as the subject of competition for the prize to be awarded at its last sitting in 1820, namely:—

Are the morbid changes, of which traces are observable in the abdominal viscera, after putrid and malignant fevers, the effect, the cause, or the complication of those fevers?

A friend writes to us—“Your article respecting Lord Fitzwilliam, is interesting. His lordship did not die at Richmond, but in lodgings in Old Bond-street, where I saw him a few days before, and was to have seen him again shortly after. I shall send you a short note on the subject.

We received the copy of a work lately, in which the *Errata*-sheet was printed upside-down. This was one way of correcting errors.

An ancient Temple has been discovered at Rome, containing, among other antiquities, a bas-relief representing a female wolf sucking Remus and Romulus.

Beneath the ruins of the Dominicon Convent at Cologne, a short distance from Verona, an old Church has been discovered, which, judging from the square stones with which it is built, and the fresco paintings found within it, must have existed since the time of the Longobards.

The French Journals speak highly of a picture, the production of Madame Cochoot of Lyons, which is knit with strings of small coloured beads. It represents the celebrated

interview which took place between the Emperor Alexander and Buonaparte on the Niemen. The grand difficulty, of course, was to produce, by means of knitting with beads, the effect of accurate drawing, brilliant colouring, and perfect resemblance of the figures to the originals. This three-fold object, it is said, has been attained by Made-moiselle Cochoot, in the most perfect way imaginable. The picture may be called a *knitted mosaic*. It is a work of extraordinary patience and ingenuity.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

IVANHOE.—This new work, by the admirable author of *Waverley*, bids fair to be even more popular than the preceding, or the tales of *My Landlord*; as the scene is laid in England, and the language will consequently be more generally intelligible than the provincial dialects of the north. The West Riding of Yorkshire is the place of action, and the time, the period of Richard Cœur de Lion. A description of a tournament in that “age of chivalry,” and an account of preparation for the crusade to the Holy Land, have been mentioned to us as eminently displaying the powers of the author. We need hardly remind our readers how distinguished the great Scottish Minstrel is for his pictures of this kind. Among the most prominent characters, we understand, is a Jew, when Jews were hated and persecuted here, as they are now in Germany. A Saxon lord, a Norman warrior, knights, pilgrims, and even Sowerd and the lowest grades of social life, as exhibited in those remote days, afford the finest scope for diversity and interesting delineation. *Ivanhoe*, the nominal hero, is, we believe, a sort of mysterious personage in Palestine. So much we gather from *literary chat* about the forthcoming volumes, and we jot it down for a department of our publication, which we mean hereafter more particularly to attend to, so as to gratify curiosity by many anticipations, which our intimacy with writers and publishers, artists and men devoted to scientific pursuits, enables us to produce. We therefore trust that our literary intelligence will become a very acceptable feature in the *Literary Gazette*.

A poem in five cantos, dedicated to the Marchioness of Hastings, and entitled “*Dhival Rhoj; or Heehra the Maid of the Delhan*,” the subject from *Ferishtah*, may be expected to appear in London during the present year. It is the production of a gentleman in India, distinguished for his poetical talents, and the author of the *Goorakhee Calcutta Govt. Gaz.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

OCTOBER, 1819.

Thursday, 21.—Thermometer from 32 to 38.
Barometer from 29, 76 to 29, 78.
Wind N.W. and S.W. — Cloudy, with rain and snow till about one o'clock in the afternoon.
Rain fallen, 225 of an inch.

Friday, 22—Thermometer from 20 to 43.

Barometer from 29, 60 to 29, 63.
Wind N.W. 1 and W. 3.—Generally cloudy.
Snow on the ground this morning 3 or 4 inches thick.

Rain fallen, 675 of an inch.

Saturday, 23—Thermometer from 28 to 51.

Barometer, 29, 51 to 29, 55.
Wind W. 3.—Generally cloudy, till the evening, when it became clear.
The snow not yet dissolved on the north side of hedges, &c.

Sunday, 24—Thermometer from 33 to 48.

Barometer from 29, 55 to 29, 61.
Wind N. b. E. 2.—Morning clear, the rest of the day cloudy.

Monday, 25—Thermometer from 32 to 42.

Barometer from 29, 63 to 29, 71.
Wind N.W. 1.—Cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.

Tuesday, 26—Thermometer from 28 to 48.

Barometer from 29, 80 to 29, 88.
Wind, N. b. W. 1.—Generally cloudy.

Wednesday, 27—Thermometer from 21 to 46.

Barometer from 30, 00 to 29, 97.
Wind N.W. 4.—A white frost in the morning, and generally cloudy.

On Saturday, November 6th, at 6 hours, 21 minutes, 26 seconds (clock time), the first Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.
Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.
Long. 0. 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

* Doubtful, from the velocity of the wind, which I fear moved the Index.

Miscellaneous Advertisements,

(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

Miniatures.

To be sold, by Private Contract, by Mr. BULLOCK, of Piccadilly,

A VERY scarce and valuable COLLECTION of MINIATURES, the actual property of a private Gentleman; comprising near Two Hundred Portraits in oil, water-colour, and enamel, many of them extremely fine, and chiefly of distinguished Personages of the Courts of Henry VII., Charles I., &c. down to the present period, by Holbein, Bronzino, Zuccaro, Oliver, Van Dyck, Cooper, Hoskins, Lely, Kneller, Hilliard, Hone, Arnold, Putnam, Sullivan, and Strohling; and several very beautiful and highly finished by Petitot, Zincke, Greuze, Liotard, &c. &c.

To be viewed at Mr. Bullock's, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

To be sold, by Private Contract, by Mr. BULLOCK, of Piccadilly, in one Lot,

A VALUABLE COLLECTION of PICTURES, the genuine property of a private Gentleman, collected by himself on the Continent, during the last twenty Years; comprising Susannah and the Elders, Gildor; and a grand Gallery Picture from the Orleans Collection; St. John, Andrea del Sarto; Buildings and Figures, a pair, Viviano; a pair of upright Landscapes and Figures, Salvator Rosa; a Nativity, Gherardo della Notti; original Portraits, by Titian and Holbein; and many highly finished Cabinet Pictures, by celebrated Italian, French, Flemish, and Dutch Masters.

To be viewed at Mr. Bullock's, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

Pictures.

To be sold, by Private Contract, by Mr. BULLOCK,

A VALUABLE and Choice COLLECTION of ITALIAN, FRENCH, FLEMISH, and DUTCH PICTURES, the genuine property of a private Gentleman; among which are the Infant Christ and St. John; a highly finished Cabinet Picture, by L. da Vinci; the Birth of St. John, Giovanni Crespi; Angels appearing to the Disciples, Cagliari; Hercules and Omphale, Paolo de Matteis; Alexander and Porus, Le Brun; a Landscape and Figures, by Poussin; Virgin and Child, L. Van Leyden; a Holy Family, Trevisani; a Portrait, Rubens; and others, by Netscher, Mieris, Lely, Lambert, &c. &c. Also, a matchless and beautiful Mosaic Floor, from the Bath of Nero, at Rome.

To be viewed at Mr. Bullock's, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

To be sold, by Private Contract, by Mr. BULLOCK,

A COLLECTION of ITALIAN MARBLES, comprising Groups and Busts in Statuary; prepared Library, Hall, and Pier Table-tops, of Granite Porphyry, Verde antique, &c. &c.; a Pair of Corinthian Columns of Oriental Spar, with beautifully sculptured Marble Capitals, antique, and in fine preservation; a Pair of noble Alabaster Vases; a Group of the Sabines, &c. &c.

Also, an exceedingly fine and rare Collection of Minerals, scientifically arranged; and the Bamboo and India Japan Cabinets, which contain them, the property of a Lady removed from the country.

To be viewed at Mr. Bullock's, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

Natural History, Works of Art, &c. Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

MR. BULLOCK respectfully announces to the Public, that on Tuesday Dec. 7. and three following days, each day at one o' Clock precisely, he will sell by Auction, at the Egyptian Hall, an extensive and valuable collection of Natural History, Works of Art and Antiquity, consisting of preserved Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Insects, Shells, and Corals; South Sea and other foreign dresses, fire-arms, and implements; some pieces of fine tapestry, and various other effects.

To be viewed, and Catalogues had, one week previous to the Sale.

Mr. West's Exhibition.

THE great Picture of DEATH on the PALE HORSE, Christ Rejected, St. Peter's First Sermon, the Brazen Serpent, St. Paul and Barnabas turning to the Gentiles; with several Pictures and Sketches on Scriptural Subjects, are now Exhibiting under the immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at No. 125, Pall Mall, near Carlton House, every day, from ten till five. C. SMART, Secretary.

THE SIGHT IMPROVED, and that of the

Reader, or Writer, strengthened and prolonged. The Sight Preserver is not only an elegant piece of Furniture for a Desk, or Table, but comforts and relieves the Eyes by day or candle light from the fatigue and injurious glare of white paper. It supports a stained glass in such a position that the rays of light will shed a delicately coloured tinge upon a book or paper placed beneath. The inhabitants of the snowy regions, from the glazing white, become prematurely blind; ergo, the looking upon white paper must be equally pernicious. It has received the approbation of the first Oculists in the Kingdom, which can be verified, price 11. 7s. Sold at Carpenter's, 314, High Holborn; sent into the country by order, post paid, stating where it will be paid for.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

In 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. a new edition of
TALES OF THE HALL. By the Rev.
GEORGE CRABBE. Printed for John Murray,
Albemarle Street.

Ninth Edition, in 8vo. price 14s.

LALLA ROOKH, an ORIENTAL ROMANCE. By THOMAS MOORE, Esq.
Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

Also just published, in 8vo. price 12s.
Illustrations of the Poem, engraved by Charles Heath from Paintings by R. Westall, R. A.
A few of each may be had in Quarto.

A new and improved Edition, price 6s. 6d. bound.
A GERMAN GRAMMAR, with Practical Exercises, by F. A. WENDEBORN, LL. D. The Seventh Edition, materially improved.

Printed for Boosey and Sons, Broad Street; Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, and G. and W. B. Whittaker, Paternoster Row. Black and Son, York Street. Where may be had, Crabbe's German and English Dialogues on all Subjects, 12mo. price 3s. 6d. bound.
* The German Language is much spoken by the Settlers at the Cape of Good Hope.

Madame de Genlis' New Work.

On Monday next will be published, 2 vol. 12mo.
PETRARQUE ET LAURE. Par Madame La Comtesse De Genlis.
A Paris, chez l'Éditeur, Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs; Londres, chez Colburn, Libraire.

Earl Spencer.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE of November 1, illustrated with a fine Portrait and Memoir of the Right Hon. Earl Spencer, will contain as usual upwards of fifty interesting articles in General Literature, Art, Science, Criticism, Politics, Manners, and Amusements; among which are Critique on modern Poets, Lord Byron, on the first establishment of Christianity in Great Britain; Early Comic Writers of Greece; Aristophanes; on the principal Styles of Architecture introduced into Europe since the Birth of Christ; Answer to Mr. Owen's Remarks on Machinery; on Dueling; Letters from Mr. Salt and Mr. Briggs to Sir Sidney Smith; Observations on Shakespeare from the German, of Vass and Sans; Vaucluse and the unfortunate Lovers; Query respecting a Translation of Hesiod; Remarks on the Penal Code, &c. &c. &c.

London: printed for Henry Colburn, British and Foreign Public Library, Conduit Street; and sold by J. Cumming, Dublin; Bell and Baskdale, Edinburgh; and may be had of every Bookseller in Town or Country.

Just Completed,

PYNES'S HISTORY OF THE ROYAL

RESIDENCES. This work was commenced under the immediate sanction of Her late Majesty, and is patronised by His Royal Highness the Prince Regent. The Historical Part of the Work embraces an Account of the Domestic and Social Habits of the Royal Families of England, and their Household Establishments, with Anecdotes of the most remarkable persons attached to the Court, from the Norman conquest to the present time; a description of the Pictures in the various Palaces; Biographical Notices of the Portraits in the Royal Galleries, &c.: illustrated with one Hundred Graphic Representations of the State Apartments, carefully coloured from original Drawings by the most eminent Artists. In three vols. elephant 4to. price 24 guineas, extra boards, large paper, 36 guineas.

Printed for, and published by A. DRY, No. 26, Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy-Square; and may also be had of Messrs. Longman, Hurst, and Co. Paternoster Row; Messrs. Cadell and Davis, Strand; and of the principal booksellers in the United Kingdom.

Don Juan,

In octavo, 9s. 6d.
DON JUAN, CANTOS I. and II. Printed for Thomas Davison, White Friars, London, and sold by the Booksellers in Town and Country.

Middleton's Life of Cicero.

This day was published, in 2 vols. 8vo. a New Edition, price 18s. boards.

THE LIFE OF M. TULLIUS CICERO. By CONYERS MIDDLETON, D.D. Principal Librarian to the University of Cambridge.

Printed for J. Cuthell, J. Nunn, Lackington and Co. J. Otridge, Longman and Co. E. Jeffery, J. Richardson, J. Booker, Baldwin and Co. G. and W. B. Whittaker, J. and A. Arch, J. Walker, J. Mawman, R. Scholcy, Lloyd and Sons, and E. Williams.

This day is published, in One handsome Volume, 8vo. price 10s. 6d.

A SUPPLEMENT to the ELEMENTS of EUCLID; with upwards of Two Hundred Woodcuts. By Dr. CRESSWELL, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker, Ave Maria-Lane; London; and J. Deighton and Sons, Cambridge.

Martyn's Georgicks.

This day was published, in 1 Vol. 8vo. with Plates, price 16s. boards, the Fourth Edition, revised, of

P. VIRGILII MARONIS GEORGICORUM, Libri Quintor. The Georgicks of Virgil, with an English Translation, and Notes. By JOHN MARTYN, F.R.S. Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge.

Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker, 13, Ave Maria-lane; and Lackington and Co. Finsbury-square.

A few Copies of the above may be had with coloured Plates, price 1l. 1s. boards.

To Christians of all denominations.

AT a crisis so awful, as the present, when the Foundation of Revealed Religion is so virulently assailed, it appears to be the duty of every Christian who believes himself possessed of the means, to offer to such minds as are not fortified by extensive erudition, a system of interpretation calculated to relieve them from the painful embarrassment they suffer in consequence of the Invidious Reasonings of Deistical Writers. Persons labouring under this embarrassment are naturally led to apply to the most esteemed Works in defence of the Bible; but in these they find the plenary inspiration of the Sacred Volume so compromised, and its authenticity in so many instances invalidated by supposed errors of Copyists and Translators, as to leave its Authority at least very much diminished. Under this impression a Work is most earnestly recommended to public notice, as supplying the fullest and most gratifying defence of the Holy Word, and a radical refutation of the most subtle Deistical objections. This Work is a small Treatise on the Sacred Scriptures by a Writer of eminent learning, the late Hon. Emanuel Swedenborg.

It may be had of the undermentioned Booksellers, M. Hodson, 14, Cross-Street, Hatton-garden; Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, and Robinson, Paternoster-Row; Aspinwall, 32, Cornhill; Hunter, 72, St. Paul's Church-Yard; Dawson, 12, Cannon-street; Walker, 128, Lower Holborn; Baldoek, 88, High Holborn; Bohn, 32, Frith Street, Soho; Goyder, 8, Charles-Street, Westminster.

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